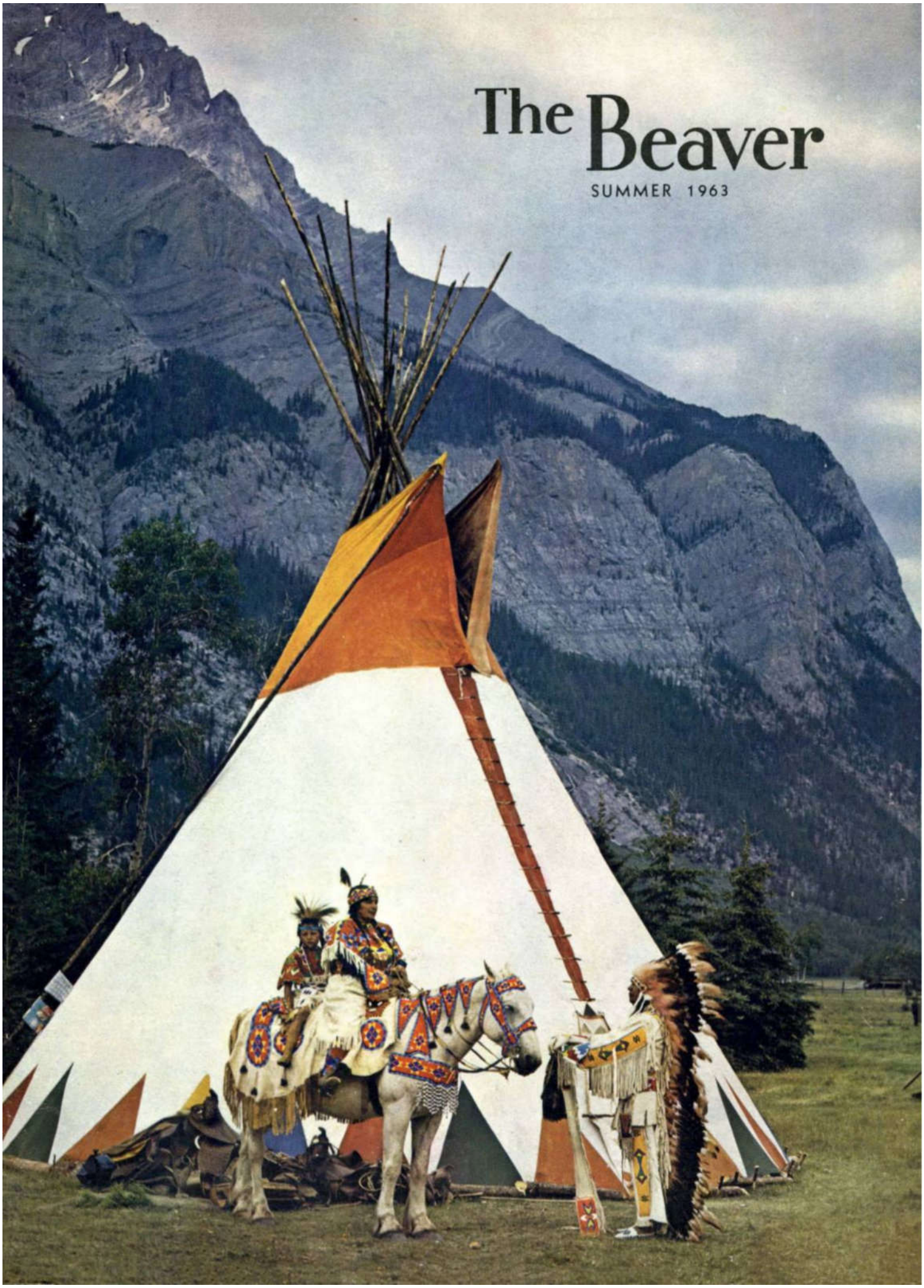
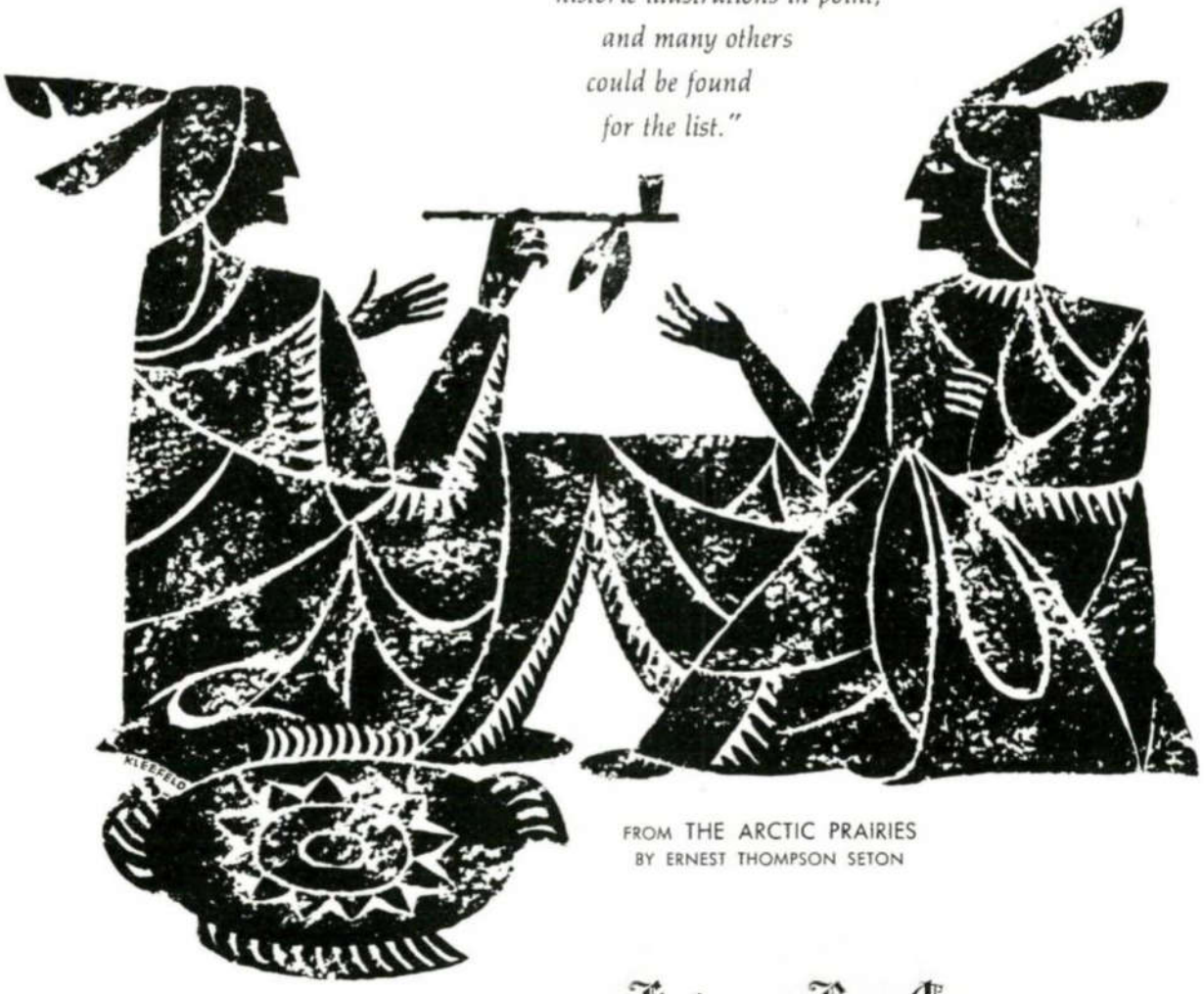


The Beaver

SUMMER 1963

" At all times
it has stood for peace,
and one hears
over and over again
that such and such tribes
were deadly enemies,
but the Company insisted
on their smoking
the peace pipe.
The Sioux and Ojibway,
Black-Foot and Assiniboine,
Dog-Rib and Copper-Knife,
Beaver and Chipewyan,
all offer
historic illustrations in point,
and many others
could be found
for the list."



FROM THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES
BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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SUMMER 1963
OUTFIT 294
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Stanley E. Read photo

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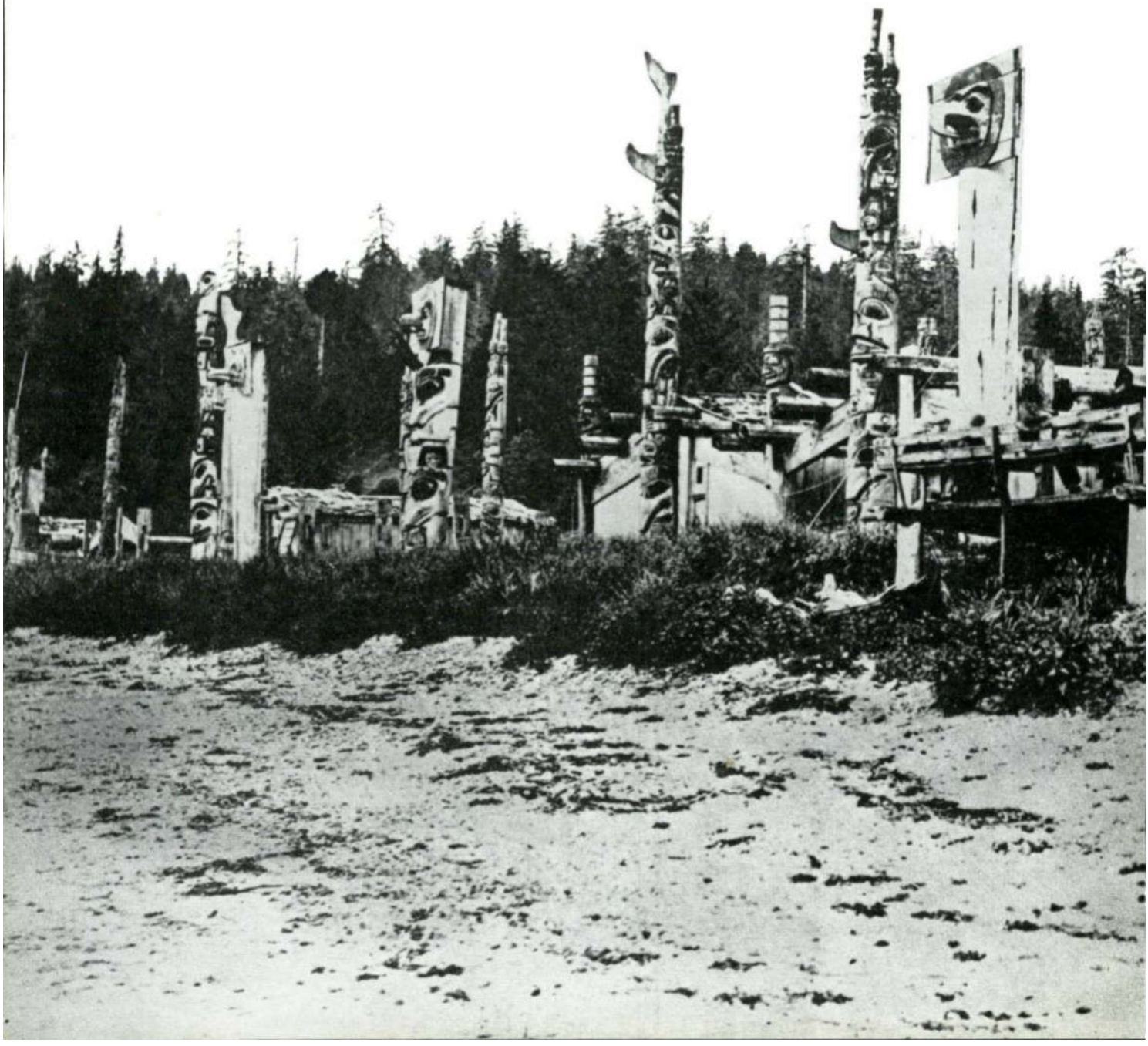
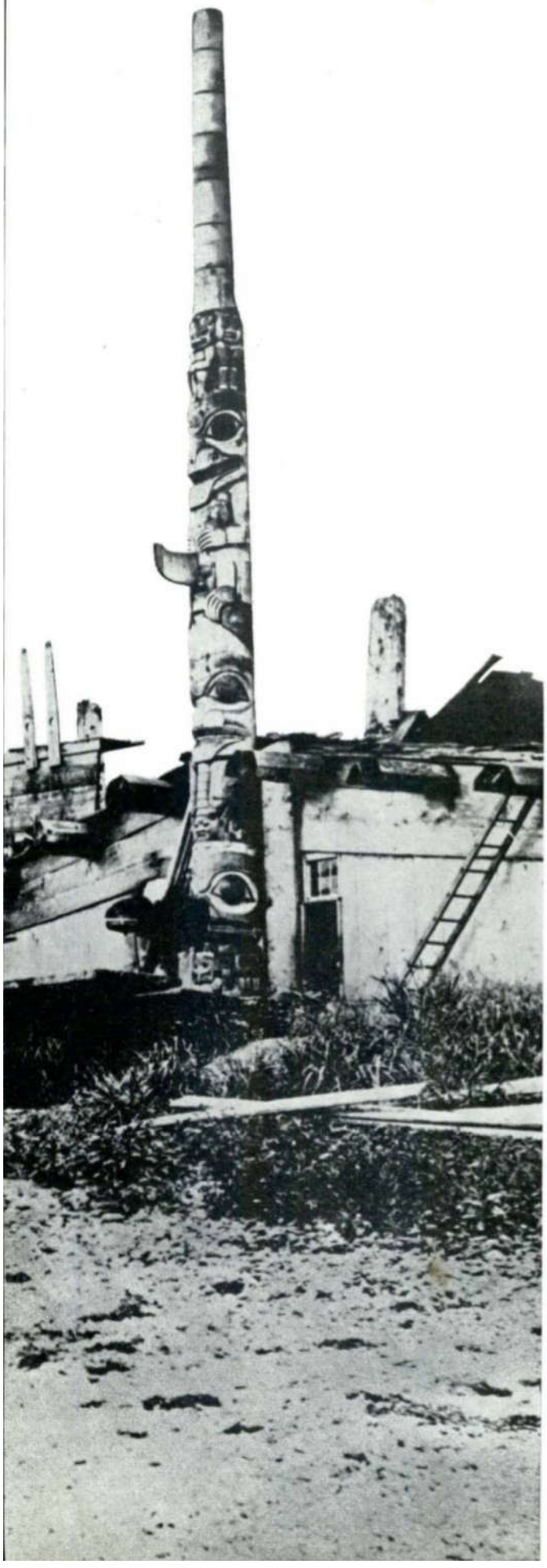
a living Haida craft

SOME TRADITIONAL CARVINGS FOR OUR TIMES

BY AUDREY HAWTHORN
Curator of the Museum of Anthropology, University of British Columbia, with photographs by Dr Stanley E. Read and Peter Holborne





IN EARLIER TIMES the Indians of the Northwest Coast of Canada dwelt along the edges of the sea, and their homes were remarkable large plank houses.

Of all these Indian tribes, the Haida, living in the Queen Charlotte Islands, built the most elaborate and impressive houses. Large enough to contain four or five related families, these houses were oriented to the sea, on the edge of the beach. Spread along the shore, their villages were recognizable from a distance; each house had its tall carved totem and commemorative poles, bearing the figures of the family crests and clan emblems.

Such villages, with houses and poles weathered to silver grey, were inhabited by a proud and creative people. They were seamen, going out to sea in great strong, well-made canoes. They were warriors; but above all, they were craftsmen, who carved wood in a masterly way to create an elaborate culture. The great carved cedar totem poles were symbols of social rivalry, in which each chief strove, with the help of his kin group, to outrank his neighbours. Claim to the family crest symbols, and to the inheritance of certain perquisites, was established by a grand occasion. The building and naming of a large house was one of the most important of these occasions. At such times, guests from near and far were invited, a grand and plentiful feast was given, and lavish gifts were distributed to the guests who had come to witness this memorable event. For these feats, kinfolk would work for many months to amass the food and gifts; artists were commissioned to carve the totem pole, or the pole of commemoration, and the masks which would be worn by the family of the host. Often, the payment of those who had built the house was the central feature of this event.

After the climax of raising the totem pole, the gift giving began, with the most valuable gifts going to the highest ranking rivals. Oratory was a feature of the proceedings, and songs, dances, and hospitality continued, sometimes for many days. Such social efforts involved great wealth, and great names. Pride, lavishness, and support of many creative arts all flourished through the nineteenth century until the 1870s.

With the arrival of the new European influences—traders, missionaries, and soldiers—came the swift and unseen forces of change. Fire-arms, alcohol, new gods, were changes, but not as disruptive or disastrous as measles and smallpox. These, in dread invasion, decimated whole villages within days. By 1880, less than a half of the tribe of Haida remained.

The sea-girt villages were deserted; with time and weather, the great roof beams of the big houses mouldered and sagged; the totem poles fell; carvings decayed in the damp moss and sand of the village floor.

The Haida village of Skidegate on the Queen Charlotte Islands, photographed by E. Dossetter in the 1880s
B.C. Archives

The recently completed Haida group on the grounds of the University of British Columbia. Backed by the forest, these houses and poles face a highway, contemporary equivalent of the shoreline they would have faced in a traditional village. Shown, from left to right, are a mortuary pole, the dwelling house with tall frontal totem pole, a double mortuary pole in front of the dwelling and on the ground the figure of Wasgo, a mythical sea monster, the mortuary house and totem pole partly obscured by a tree, and a memorial pole

With the wish to recapture once more, for our times, the beauty and strength of Haida construction and carving, a project has been under way at the University of British Columbia for the past three years. Now completed, a Haida house, its family crest poles, and an adjacent mortuary house, have been permanently installed in a secluded part of the woods, in the University's Totem Pole Park section of the campus.

This project was the conception and the work of Bill Reid, descendant of one of the great Haida carvers, Charles Gladstone of Skidegate in the Queen Charlotte Islands. As a silver craftsman, Mr Reid had the respect and admiration of artists and connoisseurs. Using Haida motifs, he has made superb creations of silver and gold which are in many permanent art collections. Increasingly, he had felt the challenge of carving in massive cedar, and wished to turn to this medium. He spent a preliminary and experimental time with Mungo Martin, the Kwakiutl master carver* who was carving totem poles for the Provincial Museum and for the University of British Columbia. Satisfied with his control of the carving adzes, chisels, and knives, Bill Reid sought support for his plans.

The University of British Columbia had been involved in a preservation program of Indian arts for some time. The president, Dr MacKenzie, had facilitated the creation of Totem Pole Park on the campus, and had put Dr Harry B. Hawthorn of the Department of Anthropology in charge of developing and maintaining the Kwakiutl totem pole section. Dr Hawthorn had been wishing to install a new section, so plans for a Haida group were evolved, and an application was made to the Canada Council for funds to carry out these plans. Funds were granted for a three-year carving project. A skilful

*See *The Beaver*, March 1952.

Detail of chief at base of mortuary pole. The only colouring is black of eyes, surrounded by light blue, and soft red on mouth

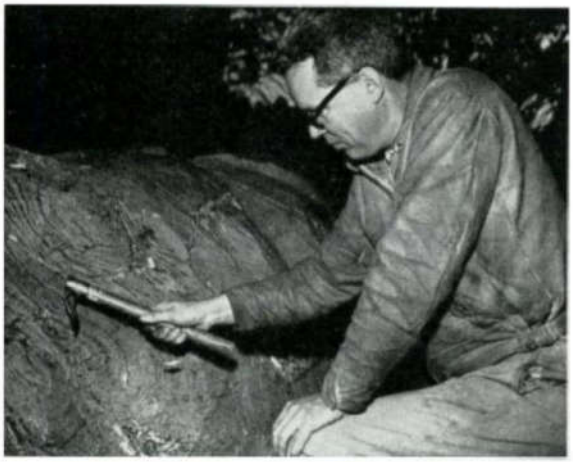
Totem pole of the mortuary house which was used as a repository for the dead. Atop the pole are three little watchmen, below them a raven and a bear

assistant was enlisted: Doug Cranmer of Alert Bay, one of the gifted young Kwakiutl carvers, who had worked with the late Mungo Martin.

Bill Reid designed the poles, copying some from old photographs, planning their heraldic symbols to include the main mythological crest animals used by the Haida: wolf, eagle, bear, frog, sea beings. These were to be carved in the distinctive styles of the Haida artistic traditions. The plan envisaged the carving of two mortuary poles, such as were erected to the memory of powerful chiefs, three totem poles, a family house (of 40 by 40 feet), its interior carved post, and an adjoining mortuary house.

The project was made possible by the generosity of some of the lumber companies and people of British Columbia. Dr H. R. MacMillan and his company, MacMillan, Bloedel, and Powell River Company, and

Bill Reid outlines design on barked log



He roughs out the form with an elbow adze

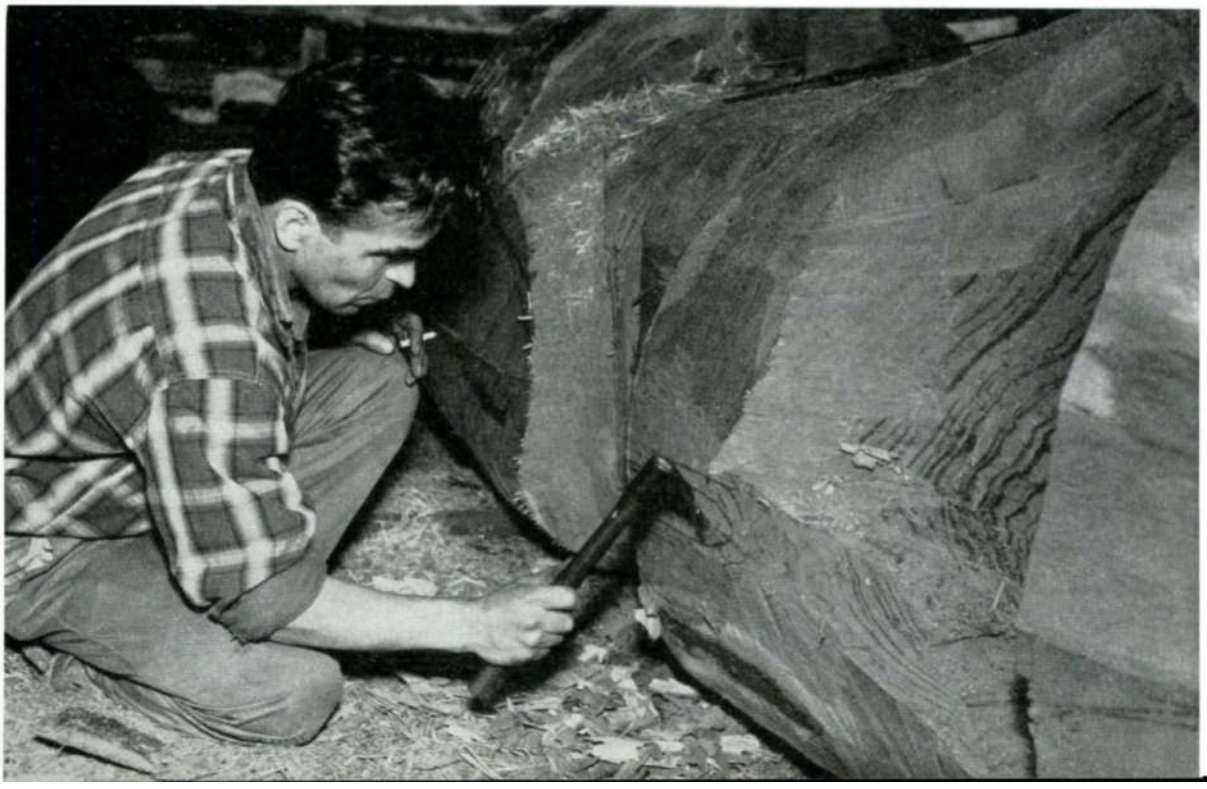
Dr Walter C. Koerner, were particularly generous, as was also the Flavelle Cedar Company. They authorized the gathering of huge and massive cedar trees in the northern forests. These great logs, sixty feet long and seven feet through, were floated down hundreds of miles in the company log booms.

Once the logs arrived on the campus site, carving was begun by use of power saws for preliminary cutting and blocking of proportions. But once outlined, power saws were abandoned and the traditional carving tools were employed. These were the "D" adze and the "elbow" adze, the basic and ubiquitous tools of the Northwest Coast craftsman, supplemented by curved knives of varied lengths (also of Indian carpentry tradition) and chisels and gouges.

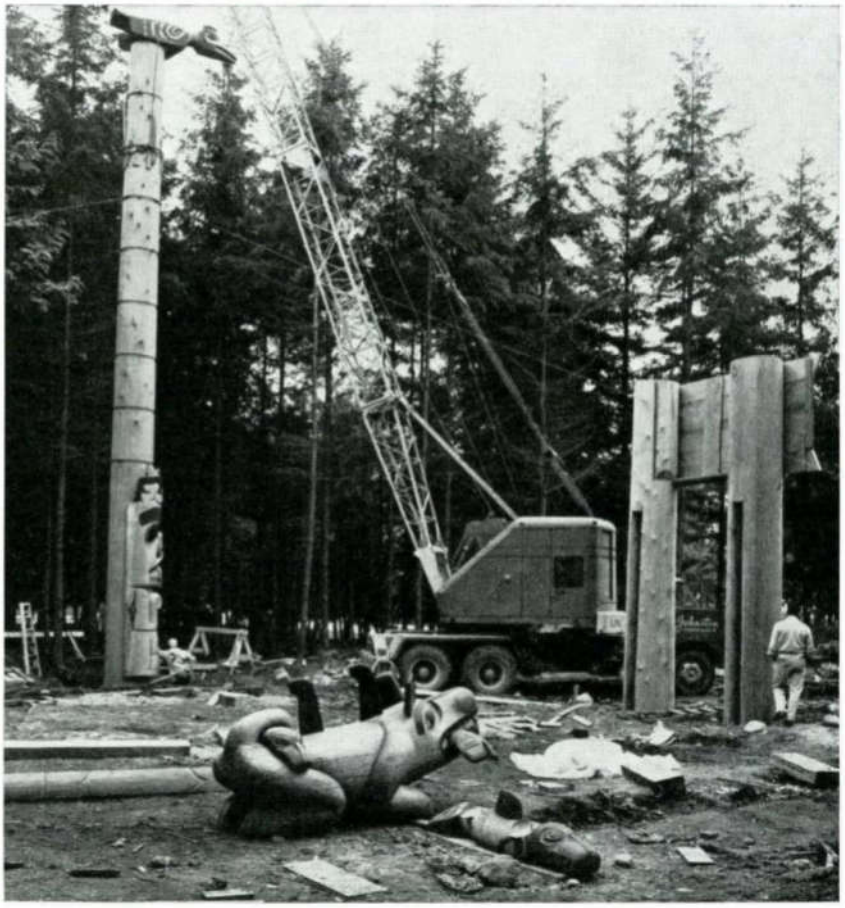
Step by step, Bill Reid and Doug Cranmer, carved and chiselled each Haida ancestral symbol. The crisp, clear appearance of these heraldic animals emerged from the naked log. On the cold and wet days of the Northwest Coast winter, they worked inside the totem pole storage shed. On sunny, warm days, they could stand in the sunshine, working outside at one of the huge logs, preparing it for carving.

The steps involved were, first, stripping away the shaggy cedar bark and its under integument; blocking out the proportions and sizes of the figures, which appear one above the other along the length of the pole, by cutting with the power saw along the lines to be deepened. Next, with the adzes, a roughing out of the general form of the animal or being. After the log was thus roughly prepared, outline features and forms of each animal or

Doug Cranmer continues to adze the animal form that will be Wasgo



The central panel of the double mortuary pole that stands in front of the dwelling (above) represents the shark with the head carved in the round and the body split and spread out on either side. Doug Cranmer and Bill Reid at work on this panel (right) give an indication of the size of it



The memorial pole (at right of group on p. 6) is placed in position by a power derrick. The completed figure on the ground is Wasgo the sea monster, in front of the dwelling

person were delineated. Finally, came careful shading of form and feature, with precise outline of chisel and knife, to the exquisite jewellery-work craftsmanship of the completed pole. On one, as a final touch, a ripple-finish was patterned by the adze over all the surface of the wood.

In painting the features of the figures on the totem pole, the early Haida tradition of decoration by limited use of colour was followed. A basic palette of blue, red, and black, was used: here on eyebrows, there on lips, only an occasional touch, emphasized and brought out form. Early Haida craftsmen mixed paints from earth colours, carefully gathered: blue-clay or copper-and-acid-infused clay; red ochre or ground cinnabar; mud and charcoal—each mixed with the oily base of salmon eggs to impart a rich, easily flowing colour. For use on these poles, an exact equivalent of such earth colours was mixed commercially by a local paint company which has developed this formula for use on the totem pole restorations of recent years.

At the end of two and one-half years, carving was finished, and installation of the houses began. Using modern cranes and mechanical aids (in place of the lever-and-post plus scissors-beam techniques of the old days) the wall planks were stood upright at the edge of the earthen floor, then anchored in place and framed by large horizontal base planks sunk in the earth. Giant beams, fifty feet long, were swung onto the ceiling frame and a roofing of long cedar shakes laid over them. The earthen floor was left unfinished, as in the old days. The mortuary house was smaller and shallower. The great totem poles, after preservative treatment, were placed on concrete bases and fastened with steel bolts and shafts.

A final imaginative carving was made by Bill Reid, who is thoughtful of children, representing Wasgo, a mythical sea monster. Six feet high and eight feet long, this creature, with two upright dorsal fins, attracts every child old enough to crawl, climb, or shinny up the flanks of the smoothly polished beast.

During the three years of this project, the totem pole shed was a meeting place for many artists and craftsmen. Stimulated by the project, the wood, and the work, others worked creatively, too. Tourists and visitors, fascinated, watched and photographed progress.

Now it is completed. With the dark forest behind it, white crushed shell around it suggesting the beach setting, these houses and poles stand in place, a reminder of the tribal richness of past tradition and of present talent of the Haida people. ◆

The dwelling house follows the old method of construction but the huge beams were swung into place by machinery. Shakes will cover roof

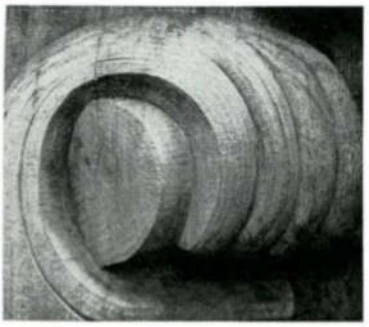
The interior house pole against the rear wall depicts the head of the thunderbird intermingled with the tail and fin of a killer whale

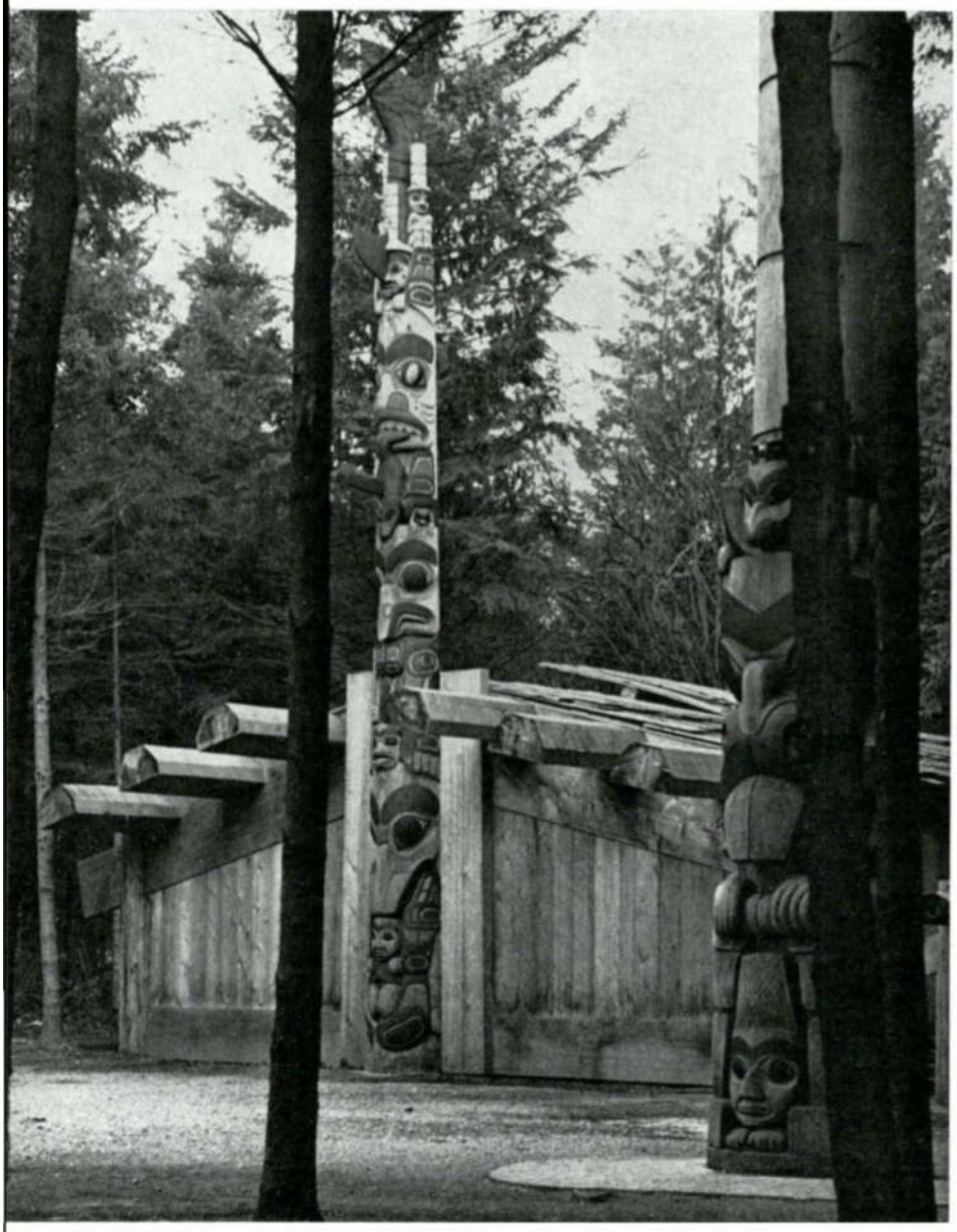
The dwelling house with frontal totem pole and a memorial pole to the right

Lowest figure on memorial pole is beaver, the human face below his hatched tail a space filler

Beaver's claws, rhythmically curved, are ripple-patterned by fine adzing

A curved knife in the skilful hands of Bill Reid is used to outline details





Mr Back of the Expedition

this was how George Simpson referred to the troublesome midshipman on Franklin's overland exploration to the Polar Sea who subsequently led his own expeditions and became Admiral Sir George Back

BY L. H. NEATBY

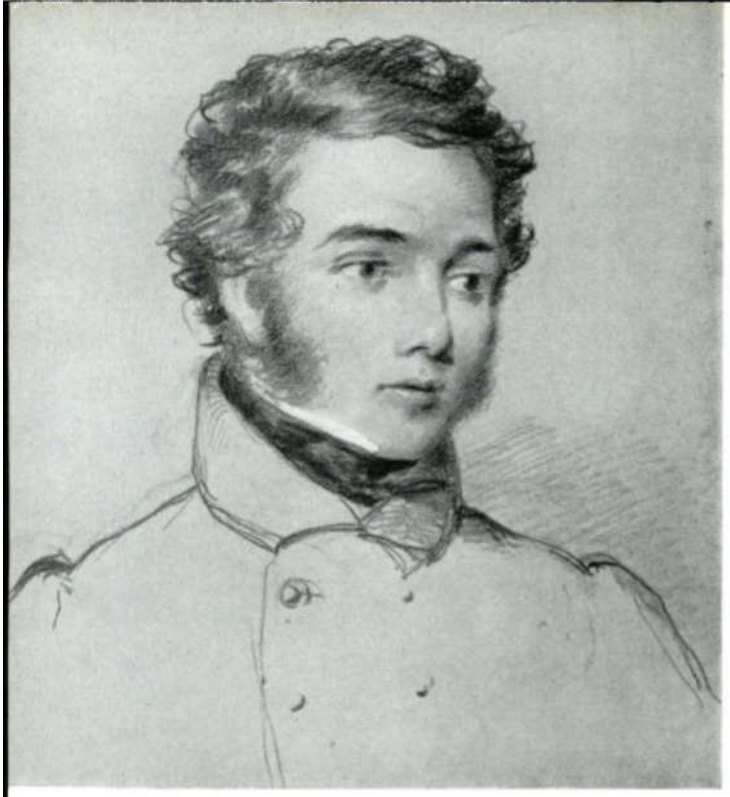
IN 1808 the boats of H.M.S. *Arethusa*, raiding the French shipping in an obscure Biscay harbour, left behind a number of prisoners, among them a midshipman aged thirteen years. The name of the boy thus prematurely exposed to the dangers of war was George Back, and his captivity was not without influence on the subsequent history of the Canadian Arctic. He spent a long period of confinement in developing his skill as an artist, and this it was, more than his competence as a navigator, which secured his appointment years later to Lieutenant John Franklin's projected overland journey to the Coppermine River and the Polar Sea. The other officers of the expedition were a second midshipman, Robert Hood, and the Scottish surgeon, John Richardson. They sailed for North America in May, 1819, and in the autumn of the following year set up their base, Fort Enterprise, beyond Great Slave Lake and near the source of the Yellowknife, with the seaman, Hepburn, and a party of French and Indian voyageurs.

When the post was fairly established Back was detached and sent to re-visit the trading posts south of Slave Lake, ostensibly in quest of further supplies to support the expedition and purchase more Indian aid. Thirty years later Hepburn told Lieutenant Bellot of the French Navy a story which suggests another motive behind this mission. Back and Hood had, it appears, quarrelled over an Indian wench, and arranged to fight a duel, their purpose being thwarted by Hepburn, who overnight removed the charges from their pistols. The seaman is not likely to have kept the secret for long; and a less prim officer than Franklin might be excused for resenting such monstrous irresponsibility, for which Back, as the senior of the two disputants, bore the chief blame. If correctly reported, this affair would explain the coolness with which Franklin (despite deep personal obligations) thereafter regarded his young assistant.

Back's journal of his winter journey was later embodied in Franklin's published *Narrative* and furnishes the liveliest part of that interesting work. By his readiness as a linguist and his inexhaustible good spirits Back won the hearts of his Indian escort and of the women at the forts. With the white traders he was less successful in establishing good relations. He gave offence to George Simpson by taking up his quarters with the rival North West traders at Fort Chipewyan, and, if the latter are to be believed, gave a further display of immaturity by openly espousing the cause of the pedlars from Montreal. He was also indiscreet enough to dun the imperious Simpson for supplies at every rumour of a shipment reaching Fort Wedderburn, finally provoking a retort which ought to appeal to every student of the effective snub: ". . . The arrivals you allude to have no connection with the Goods expected from Isle à la Crosse and your conjecture that 'they were not empty' is perfectly just, but I presume you will give me leave to know the purpose for which they are intended." Back's reply to this, if he made one, does not appear in the published Correspondence of Sir George Simpson.

In late winter Back rejoined the party at Enterprise and played his part in the summer journey in which Franklin falsified the contemptuous prophecies of Simpson by descending the Coppermine to the sea and laying down five hundred and fifty miles of the Arctic shoreline from canoes. On the overland return journey cold, starvation, and a near breakdown of morale cost the lives of one half of the party including Hood. The others owed their survival to the endurance and buoyant optimism of Back. Sent ahead with the fittest of the men, he kept his weak and desponding voyageurs on the march until he procured from the Copper Indians the help by which Franklin and three others were barely saved from starvation.

Professor Neatby is head of the classics department at Acadia University and the author of books on the Northwest Passage



Drawing of George Back by W. Brockedon, dated 1833
National Portrait Gallery

Though the commander was not backward in owning his obligation to Back for this service, he was probably more indebted than he realized to his volatile and amorous junior. Back was socially the most adaptable of the officers; he spoke French fluently, and his easy familiarity with the rank and file, which Thomas Simpson was later to criticize, perhaps contributed no less than Franklin's austere determination to the maintenance of discipline on that disastrous journey.

Costly as it had proved, the journey had opened up a considerable extent of the hitherto quite unknown arctic shore. On their return to Great Britain Franklin and Richardson were granted the means of improving on this effort by an expedition branching from the mouth of the Mackenzie east and west along the British American and Alaskan coasts. Personal indebtedness to Back in no way obligated Franklin to recommend him for re-employment in a public service. He therefore selected Lieutenant Bushnan, a former officer of Parry's, as his assistant, but on Bushnan's sudden death, had Back appointed to replace him. A lack of confidence between the latter and the two older men is perhaps reflected in the clause of Franklin's Orders which laid down that if through some mishap Back should succeed to the command he was to make no avoidable alteration in the plans concerted by Franklin and Richardson for their joint discoveries.

The operation was carried out in the years 1825-27. Though it was an important success, extending the known shoreline from the mouth of the Coppermine to a point nine degrees beyond the Anglo-Russian frontier, none of the officers except Franklin received much acknowledgement. Back was not granted the fresh appointment to which good service on a remote station fairly entitled him and relapsed into obscurity as a half-pay commander until, after five years of inaction, he was offered the command of a private expedition.

On the termination of his second expedition Franklin had submitted to the Admiralty two plans for completing the survey of the Canadian arctic shore. From the Indians of the Slave Lake area he had learnt of the Great Fish River which took its rise in the highlands north of the lake and presumably emptied into the Arctic Ocean. He suggested that this river might be descended by boat and a fresh section of coast opened up. Alternatively he proposed to take a ship into Hudson Bay and put up for the winter in Repulse Bay. From there he planned to drag boats across the base of Melville Peninsula (the shape and extent of which had been determined by Parry through direct survey or Eskimo report) and explore to the westward. But the government had had enough of polar exploration, and both plans were put aside until chance gave them a sudden significance.

In 1829 Captain John Ross, and his nephew James, with the support of the wealthy distiller, Felix Booth, had sailed in the paddle-wheeler *Victory* in a gallant but premature attempt to adapt steam propulsion to polar conditions, and navigate the Northwest Passage by way of Regent's Inlet. In 1832, when they were three years missing, a group of sailors and scientists organized a private expedition to attempt the rescue which the government refused to undertake. The command of this, on being declined by Richardson, was given to Captain Back. His orders were to make his way to Great Slave Lake with a few naval ratings, including two carpenters,

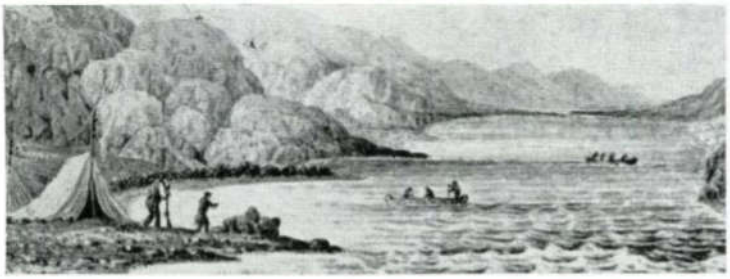
Hood's drawing of the Indian girl at Fort Enterprise whom Back met again years later at Great Fish River

View of Fort Enterprise at the time of thawing in May 1821
All illustrations, unless noted, are from sketches by George Back

and use his best endeavours to discover the Great Fish River. If it proved navigable he was to descend it by boat and make search for the *Victory's* crew in the direction of Regent's Inlet.

Back sailed for Canada by way of New York in February 1833, with three sailors and, as surgeon, Dr Richard King, whose name was to be associated with his (and not always in an agreeable connection) for many years to come. At Montreal he had trouble with two of his seamen —according to himself because they had grown frightened of the dangers ahead, according to King, because he had forfeited control over them by excessive familiarity. As the men had rendered good service under Franklin the surgeon's version was doubtless the more accurate and his reflections on the commander not undeserved. Four soldiers of the 6th Battalion, Royal Artillery, volunteered to make up the party. Back followed the route of the traders by Sault Ste Marie and Fort William to Fort Alexander on Lake Winnipeg where he was met by Governor Simpson with a kindness and promises of material help which must have done much to efface the recollection of their former encounter. Through his good offices Back had no difficulty in recruiting a crew of voyageurs at Norway House, and a month later, beyond Portage la Loche, he was joined by Mr A. R. McLeod of the Hudson's Bay Company, appointed by the Governor to act as his aide until the work of the expedition was done. Leaving King to bring up the heavy bateaux Back and McLeod hurried on by canoe and reached Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake on August 8th.

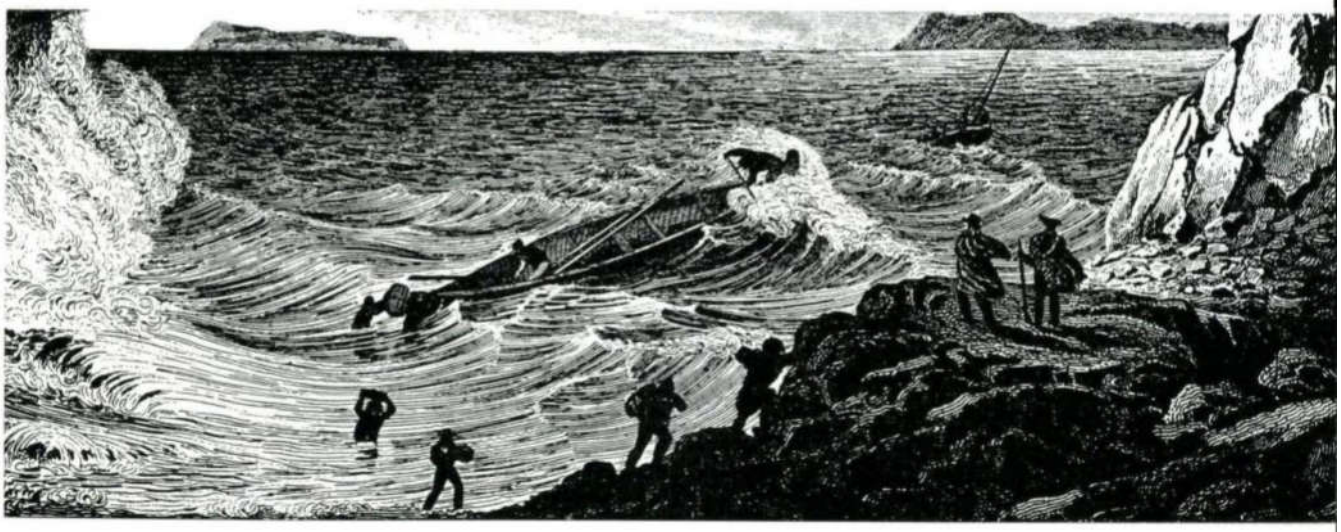
An explorer's credit is apt to depend more on the novelty, scientific importance, and commercial value of his findings than on the danger and effort which it cost to obtain them. Hence Back's very considerable achievement in the years 1833-34 is little known, despite the remarkably interesting book in which he recorded it. The task of travelling from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic by a river the very existence of which was not entirely proved demanded patience and resolution; and these qualities he could, in an emergency, provide. Having procured a guide, the Indian Maufelly, who promised to take him to his objective by a water route with three portages only, he quitted the fort on August 11th. On the 18th they reached the uncharted east end of the lake and found the mouth of the Hoar Frost River which Maufelly declared to be the channel by which the source of the unknown stream was approached. Four days of laborious ascent proved him mistaken; but the country was full of small lakes, and by a series of portages (fifteen on 23 August alone) the party arrived at the upper arm



Left: Back's River at the foot of Bathurst Inlet, so named by Franklin and not the river that now bears Back's name
McCord Museum, McGill University

Below: Landing near Bathurst Inlet during Franklin's exploration by canoe

Right: Preparing a camp and gathering tripe de roche, main food of the starving men on the return journey



of Artillery Lake, and thence, with some difficulty owing to the fumbling uncertainty of the guide, through Clinton-Colden to Aylmer Lake. Beyond it, over a low ridge lay tiny Sussex Lake from which a stream was found to issue to the north. A short voyage established that this was the Thlew-ee-cho-dezeth itself, the Great Fish River of which they were in search.

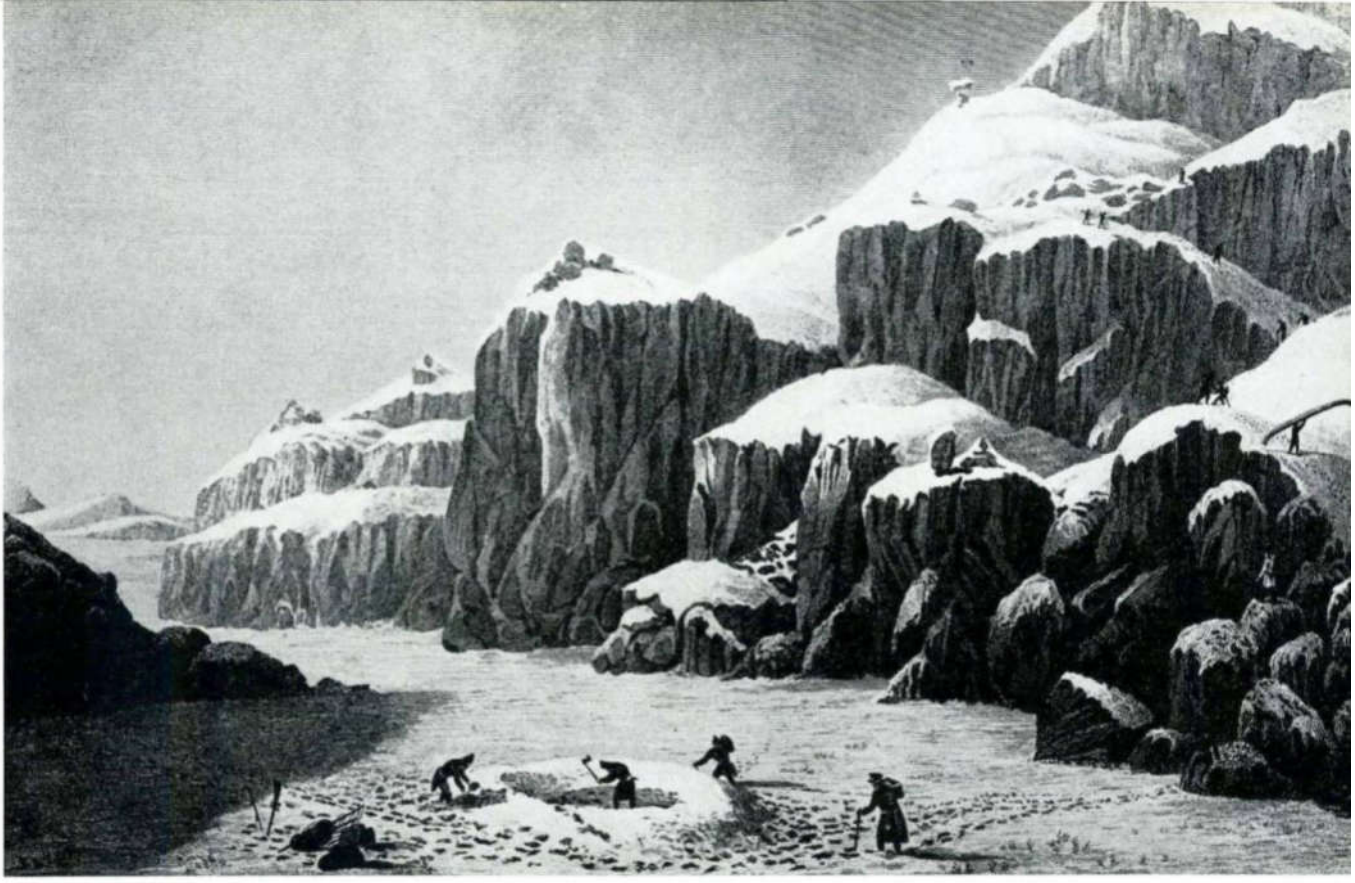
On the return journey Back discovered what he had sought in vain on the way out, the Ah-el-dessy, which drained the waters of Artillery into Slave Lake; and on it the great cataract of Parry's Falls. Near the mouth of this river Mr McLeod had begun work on the winter post of Fort Reliance, and there Dr King joined them to reunite all members of the expedition.

In March 1834 they began freighting supplies over to Artillery Lake where the carpenters were to construct two boats. On April 25th plans were modified by the arrival of despatches (brought by courier with extraordinary speed) informing Back of the rescue of Ross and his crew by a Greenland whaler. The alternative clause in his orders now became operative: by boat he was to explore the Great Fish River, and add what he could to the known arctic shoreline. With limited reserve provisions he decided to use only one of the boats on the journey, with a small, picked crew.

To embark upon his voyage at the earliest date possible Back had boat and supplies dragged on runners many miles over the rough ice from Artillery to Aylmer Lake, and across the divide to the place of launching. Here he met a group of Copper Indians, and among them the woman who had been the occasion of his quarrel with Hood many years before. Though the encounter must have aroused disagreeable recollections Back dealt kindly with her: "I immediately recognized her, and called her by her name; at which she laughed, and said 'she was an old woman now,'. . . Notwithstanding all this she was still the beauty of her tribe; and, with that consciousness which belongs to all belles, savage or polite, seemed by no means displeased when I sketched her portrait."

On July 8th, after an affectionate parting from Franklin's friend, the aged chief Akaitcho, Back began the descent of the river. The ten-man party consisted of himself and King, five Scottish and native-born voyageurs, and three artillerymen.

The voyage to the sea lasted twenty-five days. The travellers were hindered by several large lakes on their route where ice compelled them to portage or open a passage with the axe; they also spent much time in searching for the outlet into the next reach of the stream. The pronounced eastward trend of the river caused anxiety to the commander, who for a time feared that his voyage might terminate not at the northern sea but in Wager Bay or Chesterfield Inlet. The worst obstacle was the rapids of which no fewer than eighty-three were

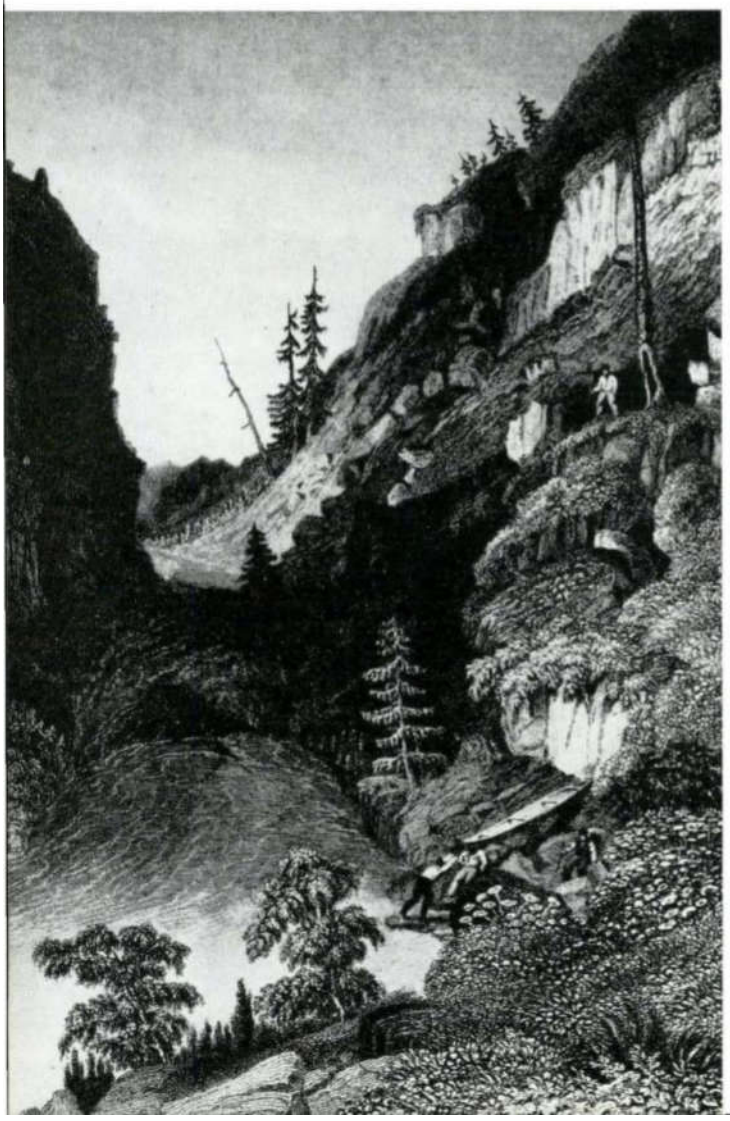


counted between Sussex Lake and tidewater; the men would murmur both at the danger of taking the boat down, and the improbability of ever getting her up again. But Back overcame their unwillingness with cajolery and steadfast good humour: "It may perhaps appear to some persons," he observes "that to persuade those whom I might have commanded was a gratuitous and unnecessary trouble; but it should be borne in mind that, in services not purely military, the party is not, and cannot be, brought under strict habits of discipline. . . . It is necessary that they should feel a confidence in and attachment to their leader, not paying a mere sulky obedience to his orders; and what they do will thus be done heartily and with good will, not as the cold fulfilment of a contract." If the man who wrote these words wanted some of the qualities of a leader, he was at least aware of his deficiencies and how best to remedy them.

Amidst all his anxieties he observed the scenery with the attention of an artist who has nothing else on his mind, and described it with a vividness and precision which never cloys: "Early in the following morning we pushed out into the beginning of the rapids, when the boat was twirled about in whirlpools against the oars; and but for the amazing strength of McKay, who steered, it must inevitably have been crushed against the faces of the protruding rocks. As we entered the defile, the rocks on the right presented a high and perpendicular front, so slaty and regular that it needed no force of imagination to suppose them severed at one great blow from the opposite range; which, craggy, broken, and overhanging, towered in stratified and many-coloured masses far above the chafing torrent. There was a deep settled gloom in the abyss—the effect of which was heightened by the hollow roar of the rapid, still in deep shade, and by the screaming of three large hawks, which frightened from their aërie, were hovering high above the middle of the pass, and gazing fixedly upon the first intruders on their solitude; so that I felt relieved as it were from a load when we once more burst forth into the bright sunshine of day." On July 25th the river which had been following an easterly course veered sharply to the north; three days later the lake Back named after Franklin was passed, and an Eskimo encampment sighted on the eastern bank of its outlet.

Becoming aware of the approaching strangers the natives came pouring down to the water's edge with much uproar and threatening gesture. The Eskimo dialect learnt on the Mackenzie enabled Back to pacify them, and he was soon on shore mingling with the throng and addressing individuals with his usual camaraderie. "The women and children, about a dozen in number, came out of the tents to see me; and the men pointed out their helpmates and offspring with apparent fondness." While Dr King and the men were making a portage around a rapids that

lay just ahead Back kept the natives occupied by distributing gifts, asking questions, and making portraits of those whose features were most striking in aspect. "The only lady whose portrait was sketched was so flattered at being selected for the distinction, that in her fear lest I should not sufficiently see every grace of her good-tempered countenance, she intently watched my eye; and according to her notion of the part I was pencilling, protruded it, or turned it so as to leave me no excuse for not delineating it in the full proportion of its beauty . . . finally, perceiving that I was touching in the mouth, opened it to the full extent of her jaws, and thrust out the whole length of her tongue." In middle life Back retained something of his youthful gallantry, and professed himself delighted with the "sprightliness" of the women. He thought these people superior to the natives of the Mackenzie in both personal appearance and honesty. When all the cargo had been carried over the portage, the Eskimo men assisted in getting the boat down without the least attempt at pilfering.



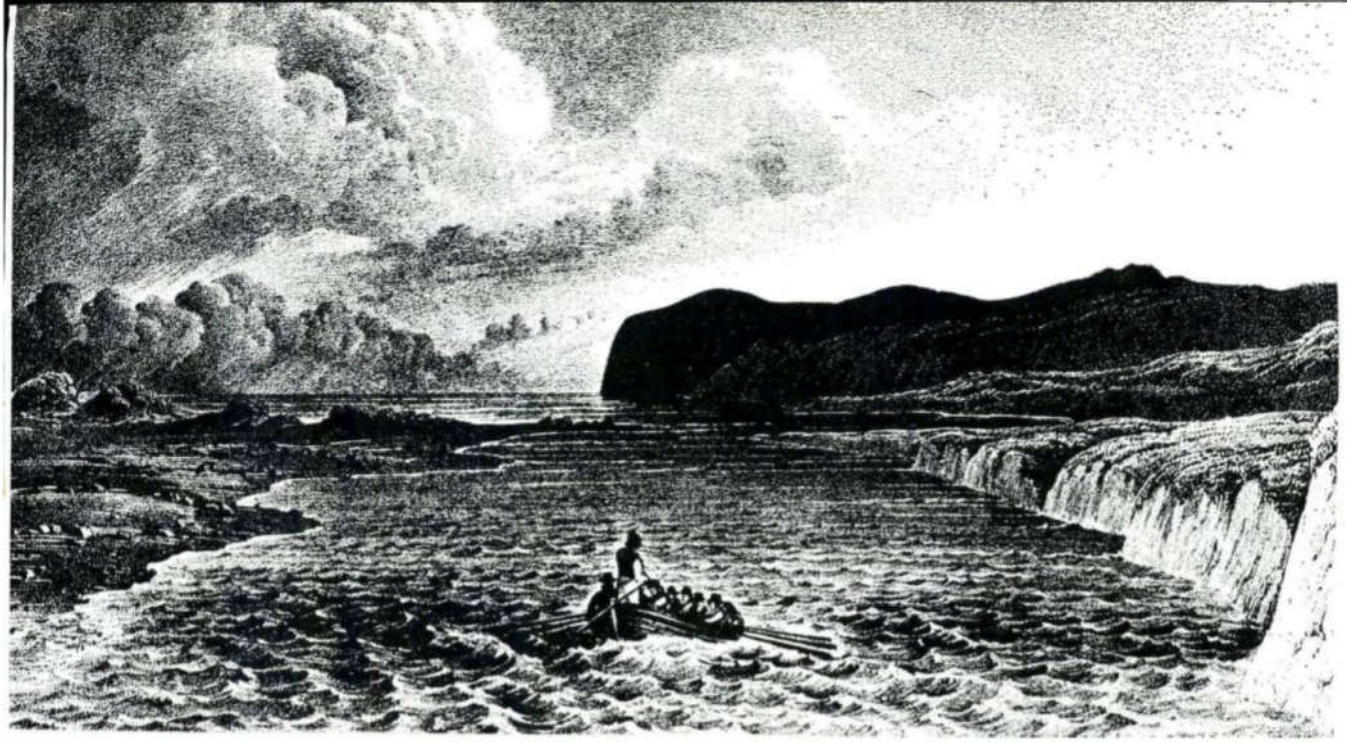
The most agreeable part of this encounter was the Eskimos' assurance that the salt sea lay only a day's journey away. On the afternoon of 29 July 1834, ". . . while threading our way between some sand-banks, with a strong current, we caught sight of a majestic headland in the extreme distance to the north, which had a coast-like appearance. This important promontory was subsequently honoured by receiving the name of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria." (Was this the first of the innumerable geographical features to be thus distinguished?) ". . . This then may be considered as the mouth of the Thlew-ee-choh, which, after a violent and tortuous course of five hundred and thirty geographical miles, running through an iron-ribbed country without a single tree on the whole line of its banks, expanding into fine large lakes with clear horizons, most embarrassing to the navigator, and broken into falls, cascades, and rapids, to the number of no less than eighty three . . . pours its waters into the Polar Sea . . . ."

Unfortunately the enterprise, carried on to this point with such tact and vigour, was to terminate in a depressing anti-climax, which contributed later to a fearful tragedy. On passing Victoria Headland, Back found himself in a broad inlet with open water to the north, but on his left a continuous barrier of ice which blocked his intended voyage along the two hundred miles of uncharted coast to Franklin's Point Turnagain. After spending more than two weeks in waiting for this obstacle to shift, or in vain attempts to get through it, he judged that it was time to turn back. Had he yielded earlier to the representations of King, and sailed north, as he could easily have done, he might have discovered Rae Strait (where James Ross had tentatively placed land), and so diverted Franklin's last expedition from the ice-trap of Victoria Strait.

The ascent of the river was made without excessive difficulty owing to the diminished force of the current. The travellers spent the winter at Fort Reliance, and there in the spring Back left King to wind up the expedition while he hurried home to make his report.

Though Back's most useful contribution to northern development is his share in the salvaging of Franklin's first expedition, it is by his Great Fish River (now Back River) journey that his own stature must be gauged. He had, by the admission of the unfriendly Thomas Simpson, achieved a greater success than any of the fur traders had expected. Starting from Fort Reliance he had taken his men through nearly a thousand miles of country totally unknown except at one point where his route was crossed by Hearne's outward track, showing, throughout, tact and sympathy in pushing his men past successive

Portage on Hoar Frost River during Back's 1833-5 expedition from Great Slave Lake to Chantrey Inlet



Back's single boat reaches the mouth of Great Fish River on 29 July 1834 and this point is named Victoria Headland

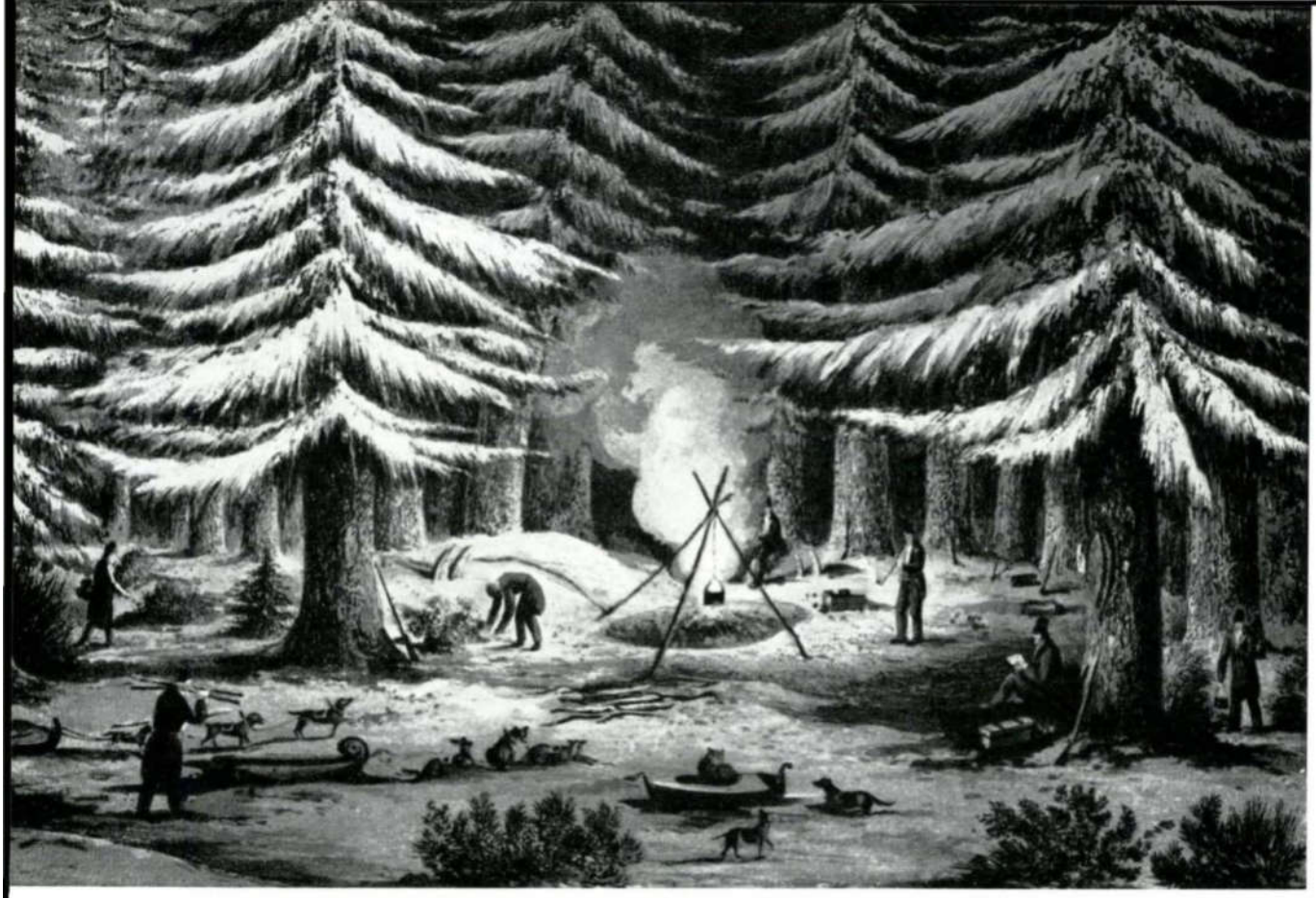
obstacles and in soothing their scruples as to how they were to get back. But until the area he opened up receives more attention from the miner and the scientist, the chief interest of his journey will lie in the book which it produced.

One of Back's critics has sneered at his "fine writing." If the phrase is meant to imply any excess or insincerity of adornment, it is utterly misused. There is nothing in his boldest descriptive passages which is more than the natural response of an intelligent, imaginative, and enthusiastic observer to what he beheld; nothing in his narrative parts which does not express the genuine interest of a benevolent, if slightly patronizing extrovert in the people around him. His breadth of sympathy and gift for expression make his *Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the mouth of the Great Fish River*, despite its lack of incident, a travelogue of the greatest merit. It abounds in lively anecdotes on the conduct and casual talk of Indian and voyageur which prove the friendly and confidential relationship between the discoverer and those who acted as his guides.

He has a claim on the regard of Canadians for, some years in advance of Paul Kane, he grasped the distinctive beauties of the scenery, and gave them expression in sketches and in perceptive prose. Lack of space forbids transcription: one can only mention that his description of the scenery at Portage la Loche, of the dreadful impressiveness of the Canadian Shield at sundown—"There was nothing to catch or detain the wandering eye, which wandered on, without a check, over endless lines of round-backed rocks, whose sides were rent into indescribably eccentric forms. It was like a stormy ocean

Friendly Eskimos on Great Fish River

Camp on the arctic coast at Chantrey Inlet



Making a winter resting place, a sketch made along the Clearwater River south of Lake Athabaska, when Back was with Franklin's first overland expedition

suddenly petrified"—and of the fantastic picturesqueness of the half-frozen Parry's Falls, are the nearest approach to a "conducted tour" to those spectacles of which the written word is capable.

Though the discoverer was well received on his return home, there was an unpleasant aftermath to his exploit. Shortly after the appearance of his volume, Dr King published his version of the Great Fish River journey in which he accused the commander of poor discipline, of imposing on his surgeon, and of culpable indecision at the crisis of the voyage. The two men had evidently quarrelled. Back's last letter of instructions to King at Fort Reliance (which the latter was ill-advised enough to print) was worded with a coldness bordering on the insolent. However in his book Back suppressed every hint of misunderstanding, praised his surgeon's zeal and competence, and enlarged on his humane labours among the natives. Under these circumstances it was ungracious of King to advertise the quarrel, nor did he mend his case by the naive admission that his friends had advised him not to publish.

By the time that King's counterblast appeared the person against whom it was directed was again upon the high seas. The adventurous cruise of the Rosses, and the near success of Back's journey stirred up a demand for a fresh official attempt on the Northwest Passage. The bomb-vessel *Terror* was selected to carry an expedition to Repulse Bay, whence boats were to be dragged overland for exploration in the Polar Sea. Franklin, who had drafted the plan, and had private doubts of Back's capacity as a leader, coveted the command; but could not with decency press his claim in view of his indebtedness to his former lieutenant, and the latter's recent services. Back received the commission, and sailed in June, 1836, to put it into execution.

The cruise was a failure, almost a disaster. Following the 1616 route of Bylot and Baffin, the *Terror* arrived off Cape Comfort, where in September she was tight beset and began her nightmare drift southeast down the shore of Southampton Island. Of course Back could not have averted this misfortune, though it appears from his candid narrative that he showed something of the indolence that had so incensed Dr King, and left a great deal to his first lieutenant, the capable William Smyth. Throughout the winter the ship suffered frightful pressures from northerly gales which threatened to grind her against the rocks of Southampton Island; her forefoot was badly shattered, and towards the stern her keel was cracked and driven over several feet. These dismal happenings derive their only interest from Back's graphic

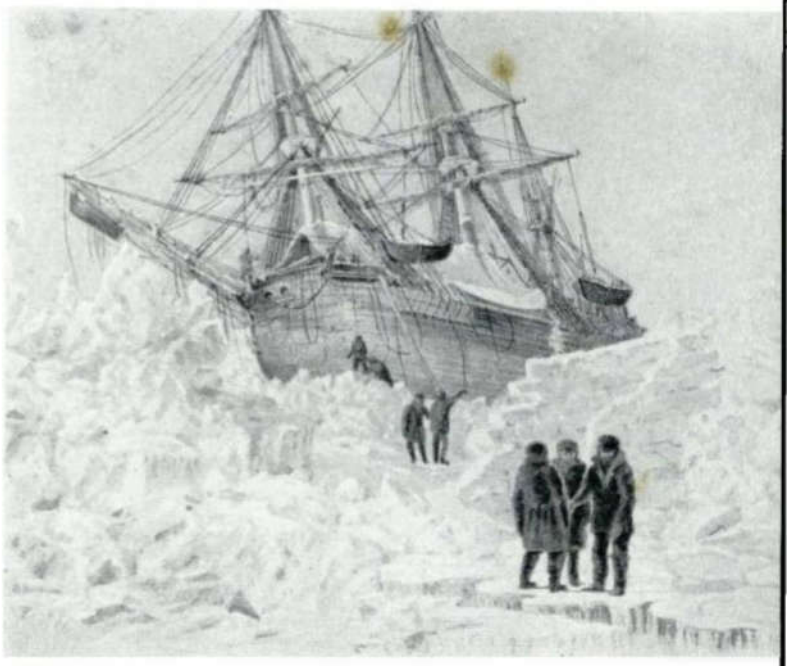
account, and from the sketches in which Lieutenant Smyth, who was an excellent marine artist, portrayed the successive stages in the *Terror's* agony. Her enforced drift did not terminate until July, and then in most dramatic fashion: when she broke clear of her surrounding floe, the mass of submerged ice which still clung, fast-frozen to her keel, rotated upwards, all but capsizing the ship and throwing her crew into the sea. Leaky and barely manageable she limped across the Atlantic and almost foundered in a gale before finding refuge in Lough Swilly harbour on the west coast of Ireland.

Back's health was permanently impaired by this harsh and fruitless voyage. For some years he was an invalid, and never again did he accept a sea appointment. He was knighted after the *Terror* expedition and was listed admiral in 1867. In later years he was, with Parry, Richardson, and others, a member of the Arctic Council which directed the search for the lost ships of Franklin; and in this capacity clashed again with the honest but malevolent King. The latter, coveting an arctic command for which his knowledge of the Great Fish River estuary was his only special qualification, stubbornly asserted that the missing Franklin men were to be found there; and he roundly abused Back in the press for prompting the Council to reject this hypothesis.

In his retirement the ageing discoverer kept up an active interest in the affairs of the Royal Geographical Society; and in 1876 Admiral Back unveiled the Westminster Abbey monument to Sir John Franklin under whose command he had first entered the Arctic fifty-eight years before. He died in 1878 in his eighty-second year.

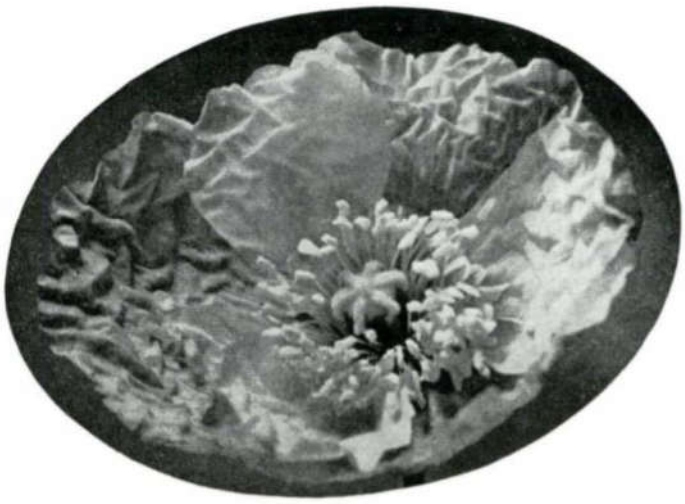
J.K.L. in the *Dictionary of National Biography* declares of Back that "in bravery, intelligence, and love of adventure he was the very model of an English sailor." This appraisal is at variance with the judgement not only of King, but of the Hudson's Bay Company officers who met the discoverer on his Great Fish River journey. It is true that, if we ignore Thomas Simpson's hysterical assertion that he was "not only a vain, but a *bad* man" their charges add up to little more than a complaint of dandyism and affectation; but nonetheless they do express a fixed and hearty dislike. The fact appears to be that in middle life Back was still a dandy of the era of George IV, and with true English insensitivity to environment paraded the mannerisms of Regent Street before the hard-bitten traders of Rupert's Land—the last persons in the world to appreciate them. However to antagonize those most able to do one good or ill, while winning the affection of the humble, is a fault deserving of sympathy as well as censure; Back had courage which redeemed his want of prudence and force of character; he loved the scenery of Canada and her native population; and he wrote an excellent book of travel and topography on what remains the least accessible part of this sub-continent. When some scholarly traveller does for his *Arctic Land Expedition* what Tyrrell did for the *Journey* of Samuel Hearne he may be found worthy of a higher rank among those who toiled long ago to unfold the mysteries of the Polar Sea. ◆

Lieut Smyth's sketch of Back's unlucky ship "Terror" beset in the ice which held her fast for ten months



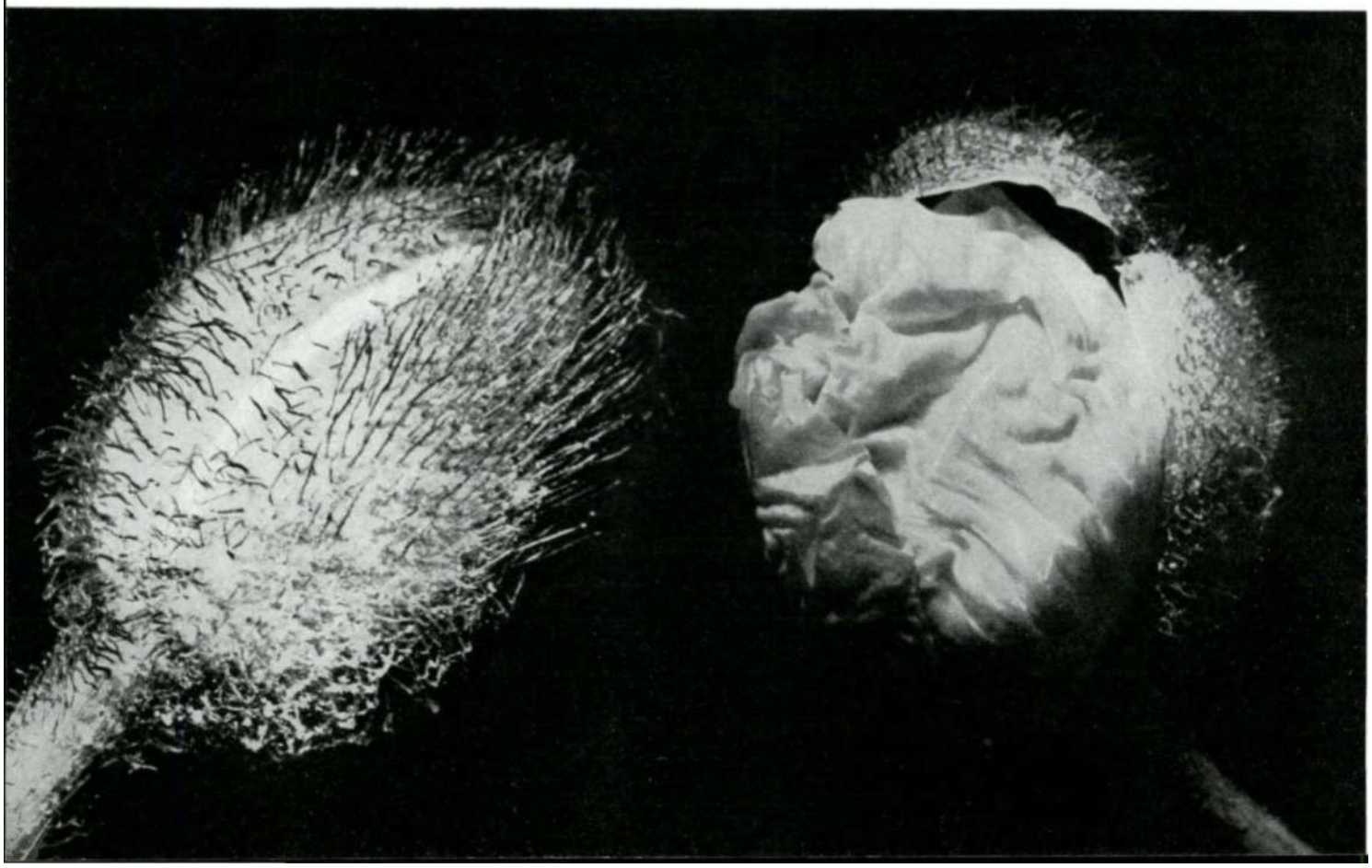
HBC Archives

Eskimo woman of Great Fish River



AN ALPINE POPPY BLOOMS

BY REDVERS CAVENDISH
specialist in microphotography

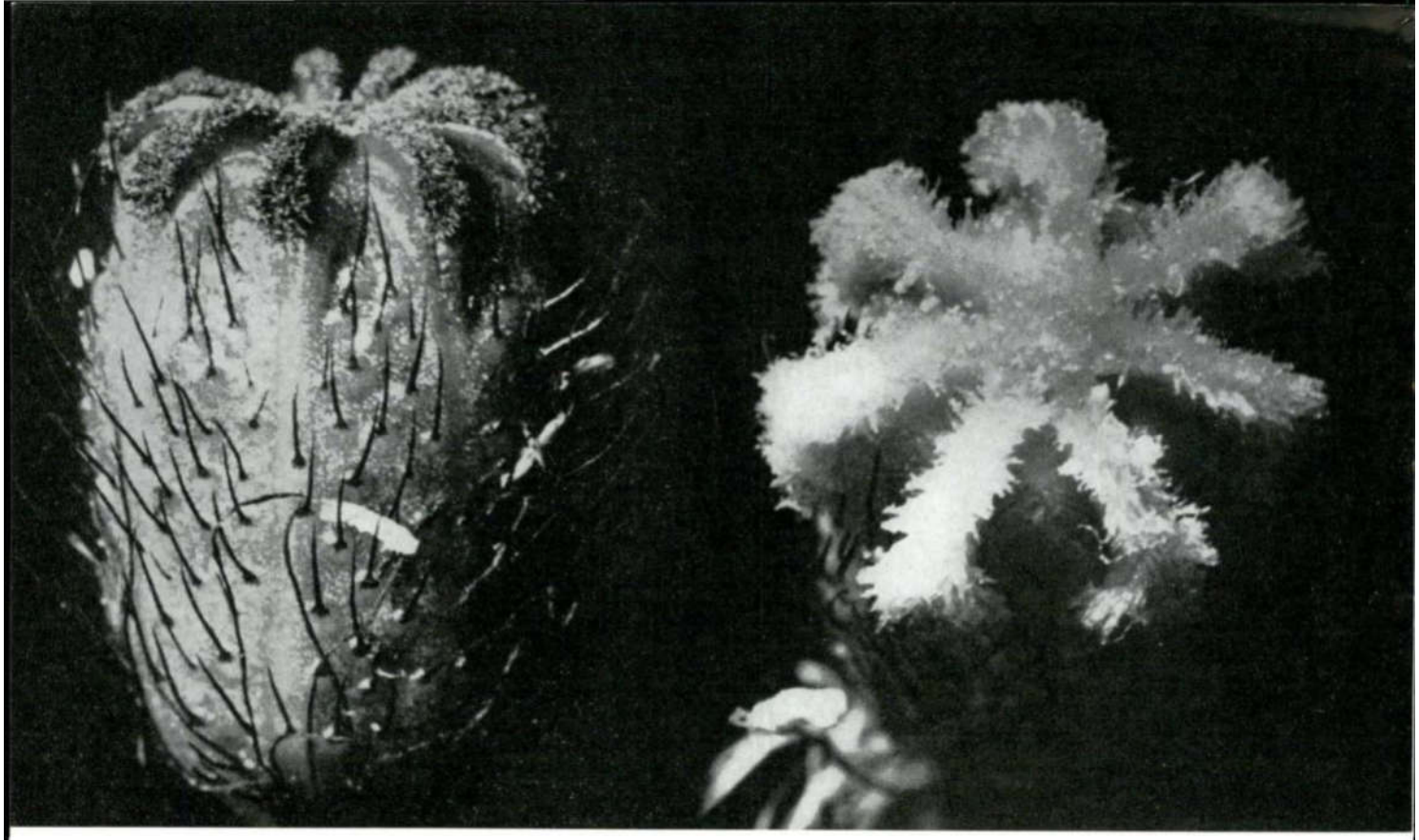


The poppy bud is protected by hairy sepals, forming the calyx, that split open to reveal the crumpled petals.

After the sepals fall away, within five minutes the tightly folded petals loosen as the flower unfurls.

The corolla of this rare alpine poppy, *Papaver kluanensis*, is composed of lemon-coloured petals, usually four in number. As they spread out, the reproductive organs that have been safely protected in the envelopes of calyx and corolla are exposed.

Numerous stamens, bearing pollen laden anthers, surround the ovary. In the poppy, the central ovary is surmounted by a rayed disk carrying the stigmas.

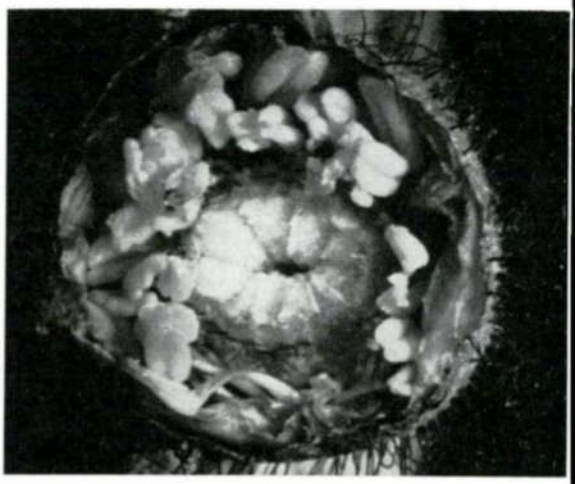


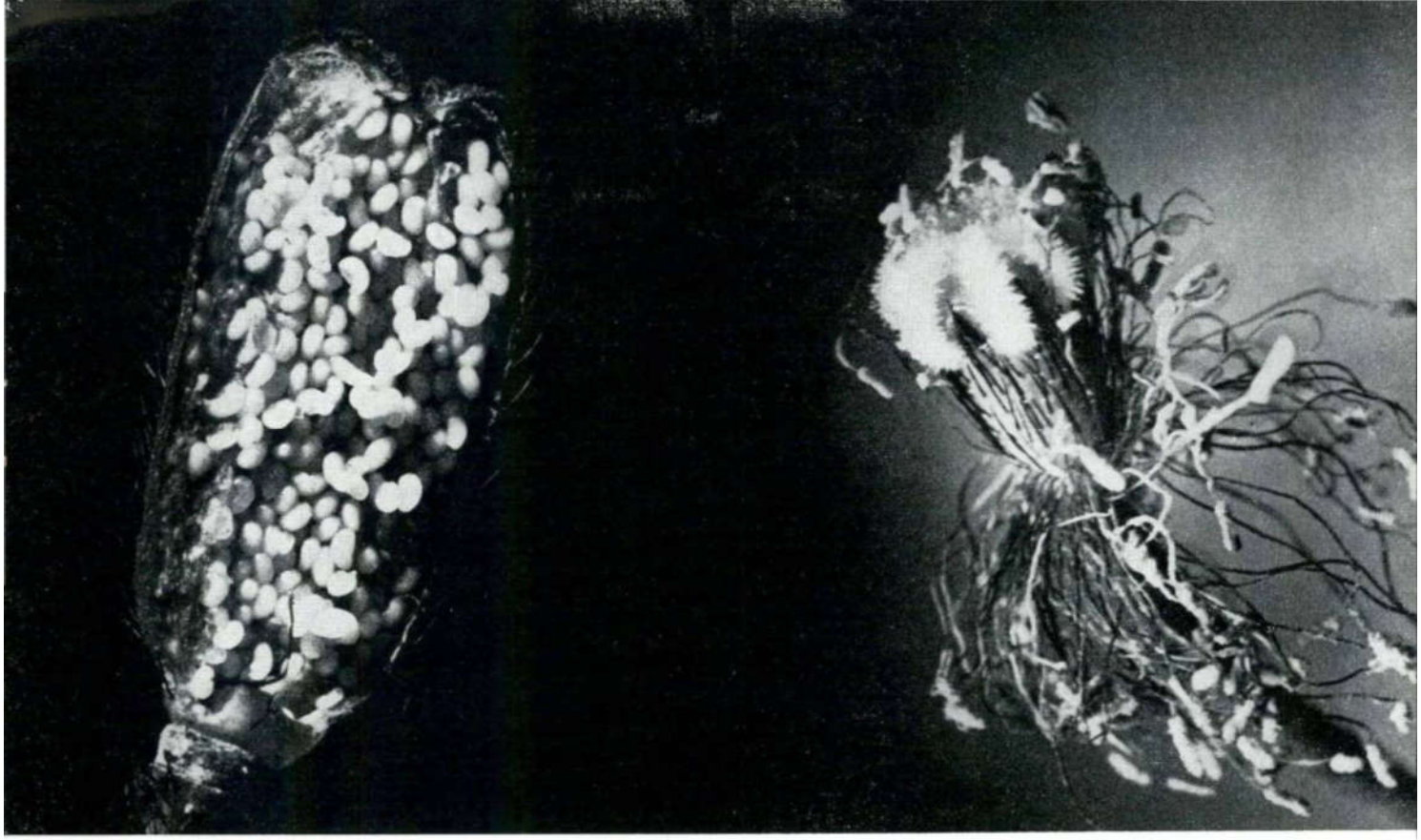
Stiff brown bristles cover the ovary. It is crowned by the stigmas which become powdered with drifts of pollen. This will fertilize the minute ovules within the ovary. The stamens, their function completed, wither up and fall away.

Inside the ovary there is a mass of pearly ovules developing into seeds.

When fully ripe the capsule that was the ovary opens by small valves at the upper edge beneath the stigmas. These valves respond to the amount of moisture in the air, closing in the wet and opening when it is dry so that a puff of wind shaking the capsule will scatter the tiny seed afar.

Few of the flowers will be seen by man for the home of these alpine poppies is on the rocky ledges and among the crevices high up on exposed sites in the Rocky Mountains.





MOSQUITOED INTO ELOQUENCE

By James McCook

IN 1880, the Reverend Dr A. Sutherland, secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, was on his way from Fort Benton, Montana, to Morley, a mission station on the banks of the Bow River. After five days on the trail he was weary and, having passed a pile of stones which marked the border, he hoped to rest comfortably on Canadian soil.

He was disappointed. The mosquitoes came down in clouds. They defied the smudges. Dr Sutherland left a comment on mosquitoes which is noteworthy in its restraint:

"I speculated much on the possible use of mosquitoes in the economy of nature but gave up the conundrum as too deep for me."

Little wonder that the good man became apprehensive as his wagon party, led by the experienced western traveller and missionary, John McDougall, approached a stopping place with the evil name of Mosquito Creek. The surprise was that the "insect plague" there was less troublesome than at some other points on the journey. But there was no escape. After a difficult crossing of the High River they came to Sheep Creek where the mosquitoes "came down upon us like the locusts of Egypt . . . They nearly drove the horses wild."

And so it was. All else in the prairie garden might be lovely but the mosquitoes could be guaranteed to cause misery.

Associate editor of the Ottawa "Journal," Mr McCook has long been interested in the sidelights of history

Before leaving Dr Sutherland it is desirable to answer his question about the use of mosquitoes. They had indeed a use. They drove western and arctic travellers to explosions of words in diaries of plodding phrases.

They even made the Earl of Southesk invent a word. This scholarly hunter, out on the plains in 1859, followed a wolf into a swamp, his rifle ready. He could see nothing and "got badly *mosquitoed* for my pains."

Southesk, on his way from Fort Qu'Appelle to the Indian Elbow, gave the mosquitoes serious literary treatment in his diary, later printed in *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains:*

". . . towards evening the mosquitoes come out in force. The latter I divide into three classes: the common brown, the large soft drab and the fierce little black —Quirk, Gammon and Snap! (I named them this after the well-known firm of lawyers in 'Ten Thousand a Year'). The Quirks were pertinaciously blood-sucking in a humdrum, respectable manner; the Gammon alighted like thistle-down, and drank your blood with tender slyness; the Snaps rushed in with sudden fury, and nipped more than they sucked, though careful not to go empty away."

Like many another, Southesk tried to defeat the mosquitoes with a net which was raised within his tent and served only tolerably well, not well enough to be used again. In the end Southesk, too, raised a heart-cry

Illustrations by James Simpkins

against this "pest of creation" when he burst out: "Welcome rain, wind, sun—anything that annoys and destroys the tormentors."

No insect has lived in vain that drove a Victorian peer of the realm to such eloquence!

Among the least eloquent or emotional Britons to touch these shores was Major-General Fred Middleton, commander of the forces in the 1885 Riel Rebellion. His human enemies he took calmly but in his official report of operations in the Frog Lake district he wrote feelingly of "being torn to pieces by mosquitoes and flies, although we are better equipped to meet these monsters than before." The better equipment was in the form of gauze veils and linen gauntlets made and sent to the force by ladies of Toronto, Ottawa, and other parts of Canada.

In passing it may be noted that the protection was not as widespread as the soldiers must have hoped, the General observing in his dour way that a large part of the shipment of veils and gauntlets "unfortunately went astray or were stole."

One other soldier should be mentioned, Lieutenant Charles Wilson who was with the Boundary Commission west of the Rockies in 1858-62. On the Sumas prairies they encountered mosquitoes that John Lord, the naturalist, felt belonged to a new species in that they were fatter than others he remembered. The commission party had to withdraw after fighting the pests for four weeks. Wilson reported:

"Washing is a perfect torture, they settle en masse upon you . . . We sit wrapped up in leather with gloves on and bags round our heads. None of us had any sleep for the last two nights and we cannot eat." Horses were a mass of sores. Two mules were blinded. The commission's flight to Victoria was to be excused.

The conviction that especially vicious mosquitoes are found in certain areas is found in reports down through the centuries.

The first Hudson's Bay Company men in the North, fresh from England and Scotland, were delicious prey for the mosquitoes waiting on the Bay. In 1689, a year after he had arrived, Henry Kelsey lamented that out on the Barrens he was beset by mosquitoes and at night could not get enough wood "for to make a smoke to clear them."

James Knight, floundering in the swamps at Churchill, where he was to build Prince of Wales's Fort, was nearly insane from the attacks of mosquitoes and wished that members of the H B C Committee in London could see what he had to endure. "Then I believe they would set a Little more Value upon mens lives and their goods not to expose all to this Hazard and wee to such hardship."

While the fort was being built the mosquitoes were hard at work, too, and Knight, raised to heights of description, said they stung "like great wasps" and "we are nothing in the world but knotts and bumps."

Giles Isham, chief factor at the new, stone, Prince of Wales's Fort, outrivalled Knight when he observed in 1743: "But musketoes Bitt's [bite] with their sharpe bill in such a manner, that shall have their head Swelld. as big as a tilterkin [presumably kilderkin, an 18-gallon cask], as to a man's not Seeing a mar'k he fires at for them is nothing, for on Comming out of the woods You may very well sweep a bushell of[f] one mans head;—Nay! have been so thick we have been oblige to Shovel them away before we Cou'd gett in at the Doors."*

Even the redoubtable Alexander Mackenzie on his way to the Pacific by land did not fail to count mosquitoes among the troubles with which he was" distressed and distracted."

*Hudson's Bay Record Society, Vol. XII

Governor George Simpson delighted in displaying his prowess as a swimmer, but not in mosquito country. On his way east in haste in 1825 he had to swim with all his strength to get his party across the Qu'Appelle River. For nearly five hours he was naked in mud and water. He remembered, not the effort or the danger or the mud but being "exposed to the blood thirsty assaults of Miriads of Muschetoes, in short I believe there never was an unfortunate Gov^{r} in such a Woeful plight as that of the Northern Deptm^{t} of Ruperts Land this Day."

Mosquitoes had a way of changing men—and not only governors and missionaries.

In 1862 Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle, paddling towards Fort Garry through Minnesota, rested at their first camp and woke unhappily in the morning to find Milton blistered from paddling with bare arms while Cheadle and Treemiss, a companion, exhibited "faces it was impossible to recognize, so woefully were they changed by the swelling of mosquito bites."

Paul Kane the artist met his insect Waterloo on the way to Fort Garry in 1846 when he could not sleep because of "myriads of mosquitoes which appeared determined to extract the last drop of blood from my body. After battling with them until 4 o'clock next morning, my eyes almost blinded with their stings, I went in search of the horses."

Never, it seems, did the white man fighting mosquitoes emerge the victor, but at times Christian patience could endure them.

Agnes Deans Cameron during a journey into the North more than fifty years ago met an Indian who said his name of William Carpenter had been given him by Bishop Charles Carpenter Bompas, an Anglican missionary hero of the North.

"He was a good man," said William Carpenter. "He would not hurt anybody, he never hit a dog, he would not kill a mosquito. He did not have much hair on his head and when it was *meet-su*, when the Bishop eat his fish, he shoo that mosquito away and he say, 'Room for you, my little friend, and room for me, but this is not your place: go'."

Miss Cameron had her first experience with northern mosquitoes at Grand Rapids on the Athabasca when "with cymbals, banners and brass-bands" they came in hordes to meet the travellers. In the morning she found it hard for travellers to be good-humoured "when each of your four million pores is an irritation-channel of mosquito virus."

Later, on the portage between Smith's Landing and Fort Smith she concluded that the Athabasca mosquitoes were gentle and ineffective compared to the pests on this portage. "And if the female mosquitoes do all the fine work, there is a great scarcity of male mosquitoes on Smith's portage, and once more in the North the suffragette comes into her own," she added.

Alexander Hunter Murray at the confluence of Porcupine and Yukon rivers in 1847 encountered awful hordes of mosquitoes. Although a veteran traveller he had seen nothing like this—"we could neither speak nor breathe without our mouths being filled with them; close your eyes and you had fast half a dozen. Fires were lit all around, but of no avail."

The anguish of sustained attack is transmitted by Curran and Caulkins in their book *In Canada's Wonderful Northland* describing a 1912 journey up the east coast of James Bay when a mathematician in the party estimated there were 15,000,000 mosquitoes per cubic yard of free air. At one point "the pancakes which were mixed and fried at this place might more accurately have been called mosquito fritters."

This was their experience at Sucker Creek:

"We have seen mosquitoes in many places and in great numbers but never have we encountered such as these. They fairly swarmed about our heads and hands, eager to reach the place where the skin was unprotected. Our clothes, also, were covered with them, so that the rubbing of a hand across the back of our sweaters would leave a streak of mashed remains thereon . . . The constant filling of our nostrils, eyes, ears and mouths, if we were so foolish as to open the latter, soon had us all in a fever of excitement. We rushed up the bank (from the boat) with the tents and dunnage, stumbling blindly

over the boulder-covered beach. Throwing our arms about us like crazy men, we endeavored to drive the fiendish pests away while setting up the tents. As each was erected, its owner would disappear, to lie under the protection of his canopy and nurse his swollen face and hands."

That night supper was not even mentioned. In the morning they had breakfast, each with a halo of mosquitoes about his head. They hurried to the boat and cast off. For two hours out on the Bay the mosquitoes pursued them.

In that account there is the hint of panic to which man as well as animal may be driven by mosquitoes. Usually there is a twist of rueful humour in accounts of such raids but at times there is a sense of danger. Reports that mosquitoes have caused the deaths of humans sound more reliable in the light of actual experiences.

The late Thomas Riggs, American Commissioner of International Boundaries and former Governor of Alaska, wrote a terrifying account of Alaska-Yukon border mosquito attacks which appeared in *The Beaver* of September, 1945: "For mosquitoes I would hand the palm to the Old Crow flats. I have seen a man give up and have to be dragged into a tent. I have seen horses lie down and die from the bites."

Nothing of humour in that, but stark menace.

Perhaps the Indians and Eskimos are wiser in avoiding places where mosquitoes appear in unbearable numbers. And the voyageurs, according to H. M. Robinson in *The Great Fur Land* published in 1880, could sleep well under a single blanket, brushing off only the most obtrusive mosquito. But less-hardened travellers suffered agonies on boat journeys no matter how they protected themselves with veils and extra blankets at night.

"The enemy finds his way in single file through apertures unseen by human eyes and bites without mercy while his personal escape is secured by the impossibility of hunting him up without making way for the surrounding hosts of his confreres," Robinson wrote. "For the victim, feeding under such circumstances is no easy matter . . . Sleep is also obtained for only a few short, feverish moments at long intervals." In brief, Robinson concluded that mosquitoes form "the principal drawback to the pleasure of Summer travel in the Fur Land."

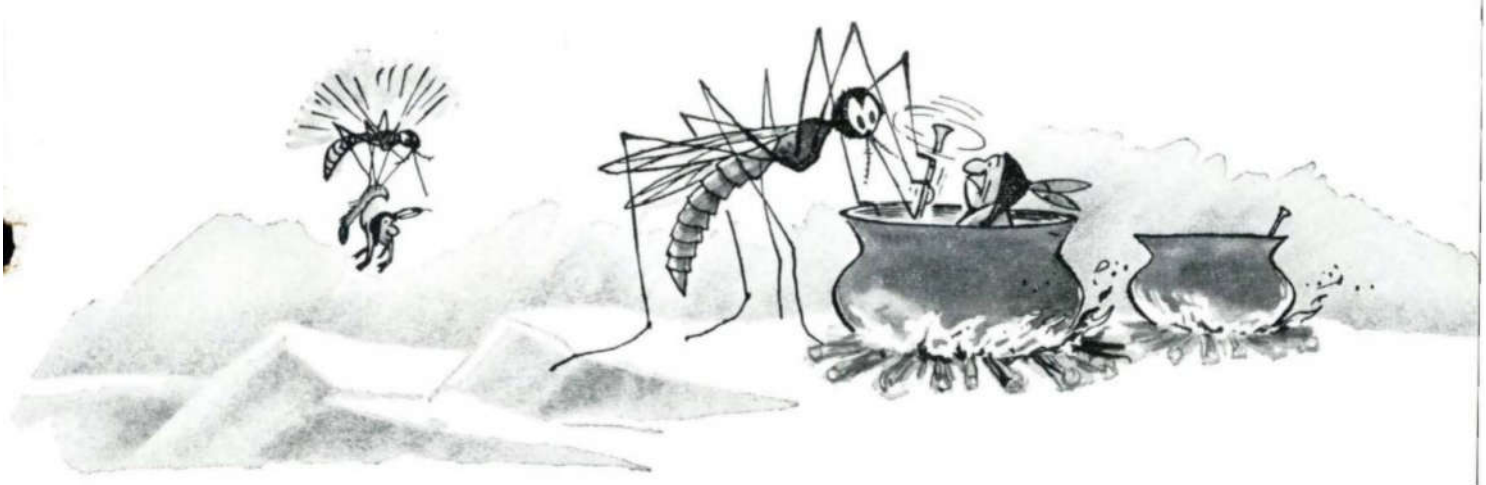
The North-West Mounted Police rode out of Dufferin in 1874 towards the Rockies with their horses "tortured by clouds of mosquitoes." Frantic travellers on the Trail of '98 laid down their loads to strike futilely at the pests which encircled them in spring and summer. Bulldozer drivers on the Alaska Highway construction undertaking found the mosquitoes worse than the cold they experienced when winter came.

An admission of defeat seems to be the new pill which is said to remove the itch from mosquito bites. It is not designed to drive the pests away. Repellents are reported to be effective or ineffective according to varied experience.

In the end the mosquito story circles back to the legend of the Indians told at Berens River. It is that the mosquitoes once were very large, so large that they pursued men for food, carrying them home to be cooked in kettles. A day came when a mosquito was guided to its death by a man, who chopped the body into small pieces and threw them to the wind.

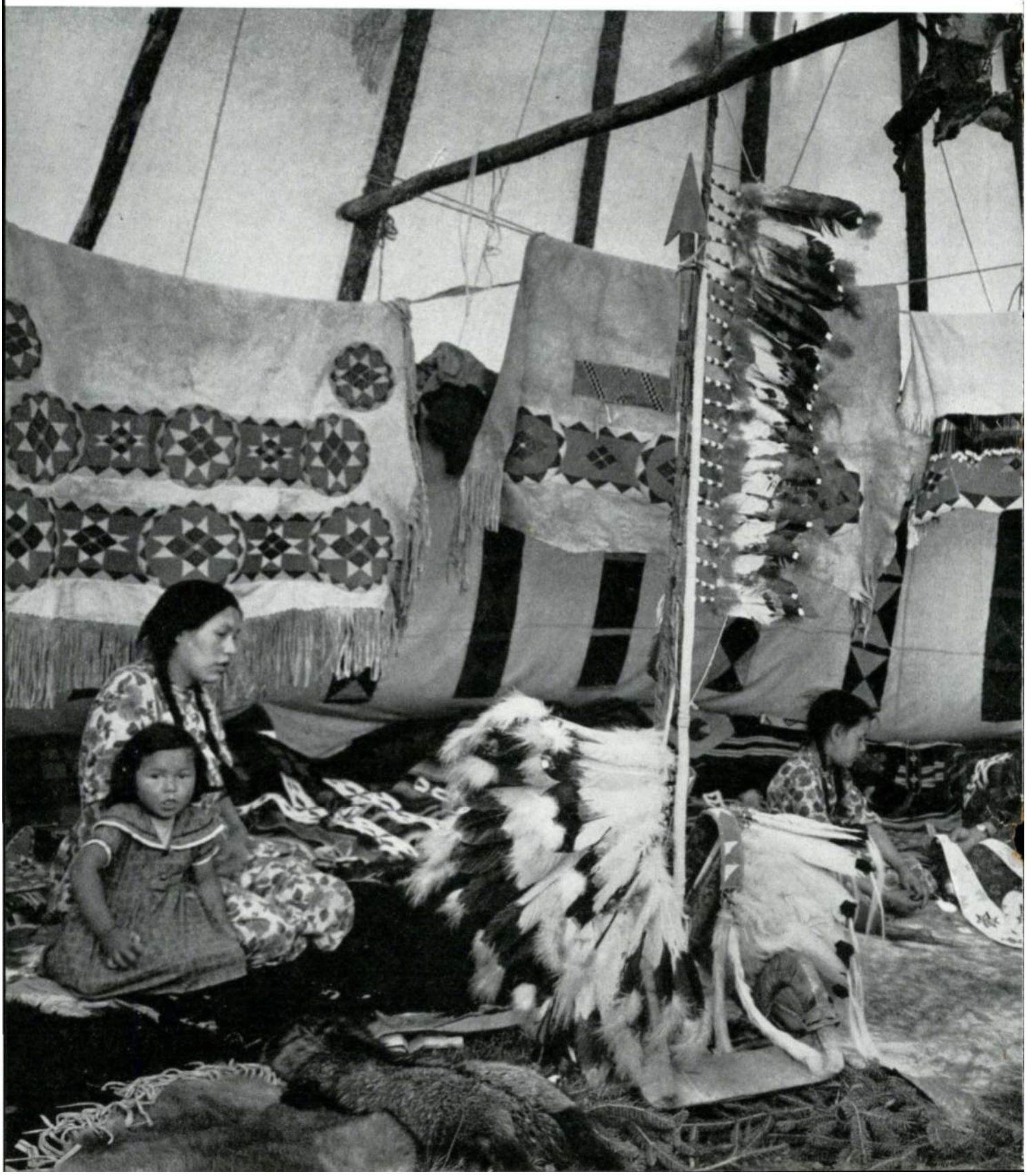
The small pieces came to life and flew and we know them as mosquitoes today.

The man-eating instinct remains. •

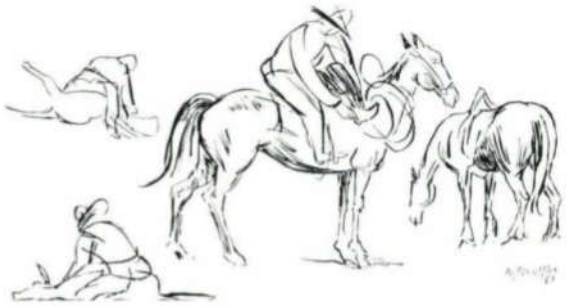


The interior of a big tipi is bright and comfortable, the low inner wall keeping out the drafts. Here, Mrs Nat Hunter displays family treasures, made, inherited, and acquired (such as the rugs from the south). Beaded skin robes are hung up and where the fireplace would be are feather head-dresses, spear, and a coup stick

INDIAN



DAYS



IT'S a show for the tourists, of course! That is the comment frequently heard, in rather derogatory tones, about the Indian Days at Banff in the Rocky Mountains. It is not a remark heard about a regatta, or a Shakespearean festival though perhaps in the preliminary work, the perfection of costume, the playing of parts, there is not a great deal of difference. The stage actors, however, are depicting people, manners and stories foreign to themselves while the Indians are keeping alive the heritage of a proud past.

Long before the white settlement of the town of Banff after the railway opened in 1885, the Assiniboines had been accustomed to hunting in the Bow valley. These were descendants of the Stone Sioux who had migrated northward and westward from the central plains and who now call themselves Stony Indians. Each year they held a gathering in the vicinity of Stony Chief Mountain, which has become Cascade Mountain. Having proved invaluable guides to the explorers and railway surveyors, they saw the encroachment of white men on the territory where they had hunted, and fought with the Blackfoot. But their country was not disfigured for no sooner was the railway completed than a Crown reserve was established round the hot springs, expanded two years later to form Rocky Mountains Park—the first national park in Canada.

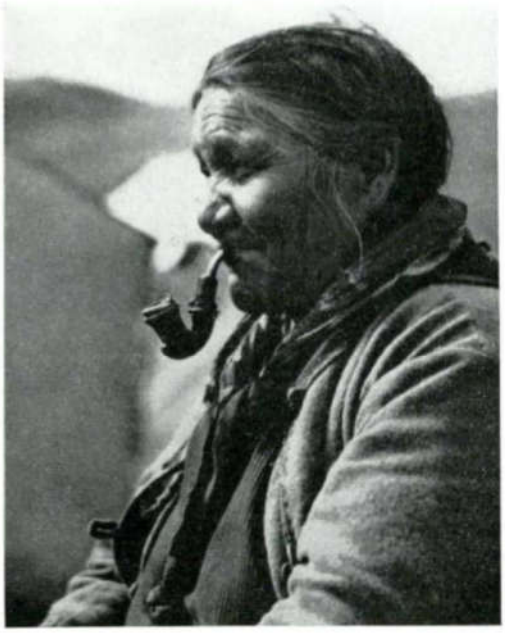
It happened, so the story goes, that in the '90s high waters in the Bow River washed out a bridge and cut off many guests in the hotel at Banff springs. The manager had seen some of the games and races at the Assiniboine gatherings and at his suggestion the Indians from the Morley reserve, in the foothills some forty miles from Banff, agreed to come in and put on a show for the diversion of the stranded travellers. It was so successful that everyone concerned was enthusiastic about continuing it. By the turn of the century the annual event had reached such proportions that the Banff Indian Days committee was formed to help the Indians by handling administrative details. The moving spirit of the first committee was Mr Norman K. Luxton, whose advice and guidance have continued through the years. (Mr Luxton, who still lives in Banff, created the fine museum in the town.) The voluntary, unpaid group of local people who form the Banff Indian Days association still provide administrative assistance. No payment is made to the Indians who come to the celebrations. Dancers and those taking part in parades and other events receive awards;

Tipis are gaily decorated, usually by a boy of the family. Traditionally men generally painted naturalistic figures of buffaloes and horses, women painted geometric designs

the amount is variable, being a share of the gate receipts, individual contributions, and such funds as are available to the association. Government participation is limited to co-operation through the National Parks Service in the provision of grounds, some facilities, and food. In all other respects Indians Days are the affair of the Assiniboine or Stonies—an extension into modern times of their traditional gathering—which they organize and control.

Old feuds belong to the past, and the three bands of Stonies—Chinequay, Bearspaw, Wesley—now honour past friends and foes alike by inviting them to the Banff celebrations. From Hobbema come their allies the Crees, from the west come the Kootenais, from various parts of Alberta come Sarcee, Blackfoot and Blood.

Some come by car, some come on horseback or driving in a wagon, for their horses must be brought with them and may have to be herded many miles. The journey may take a few days, with camps on the way. Others bring their horses in trailers. When they arrive at Banff, the Stonies set up a great encampment at Stony Squaw Mountain a mile from the town where a big



meadow is encircled by traditional tipis or modern tents. Then is the time for meeting old friends again, exchanging news, admiring new babies, and organizing events that will make of the gathering something between a rodeo and a country fair. And they must prepare their show for the tourists, the most spectacular part of which is a horseback parade in tribal costume through the town each day. Races, rodeo events, and ceremonial dances are all part of the show. Many tribes have forgotten the dances that marked special occasions, but these ones have been handed down, learnt with care, and are well performed—a heritage maintained. When it comes to bronc riding, calf roping, races, and mounted tug-o-war, Indians are cowboys and what matters to them is their agility, their fun and their friends looking on, not the casual visitor, who is welcome but can stay or not as he pleases.

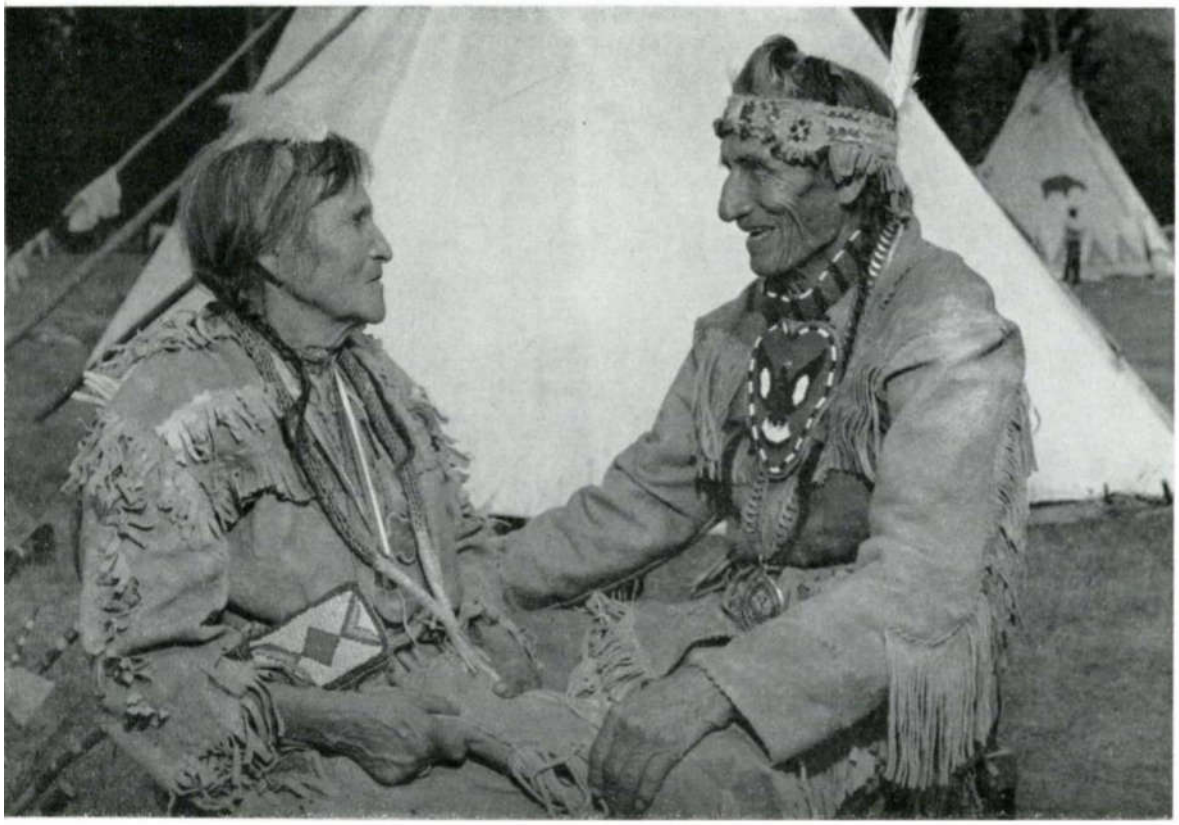
Indian Days may be for visitors, but behind the show is a reservoir of native skills that might all too easily have been lost without this incentive. In addition, there are carefully preserved collections of family treasures that would be the envy of many a museum. In other parts of Canada where pride of race has shrunk, Indians have forgotten their customs and even their traditional dress and there is the sad spectacle of Swampy Crees hiring inappropriate clothing from theatrical costumiers.

In great contrast is the ceremonial dress seen at Banff, and a good example is the cover of this magazine. On the horse is Mrs Nat Hunter, an Assiniboine (Stony) from Morley. Her dress, with its massive beadwork, and the matching trappings for the horse, were all made by her. Pounds and pounds of expensive beads, and many many days of fine sewing, traditional design, and family-taught skills went into this display. Linda, the little girl riding pillion, is wearing a roach headdress, also made by Mrs Hunter. Standing with his hands on his gun in its beaded case, an eagle feather ceremonial fan on his wrist, is Mr Jacob Two-Young-Man, former chief. His magnificent eagle feather Sioux headdress, the two ends so long they trail on the ground, is a family treasure. The tipi with its geometric painted decoration is the mobile home of Mr and Mrs Two-Young-Man. Inside, the huge floor space of the bright dwelling is strewn with fur and skin rugs—bear, wolf, horse—laid on aromatic, springy branches of cedar and juniper, with an open space in the centre for the fire, in this case a box stove. Various members of the family are at home, a married daughter Mrs George Mark, who now does most of the beadwork for her father, busy with her needle. Guarded by a big dog is a cassette-type box which holds beaded and fringed deerskin clothing, roaches, pipes, and other treasures.

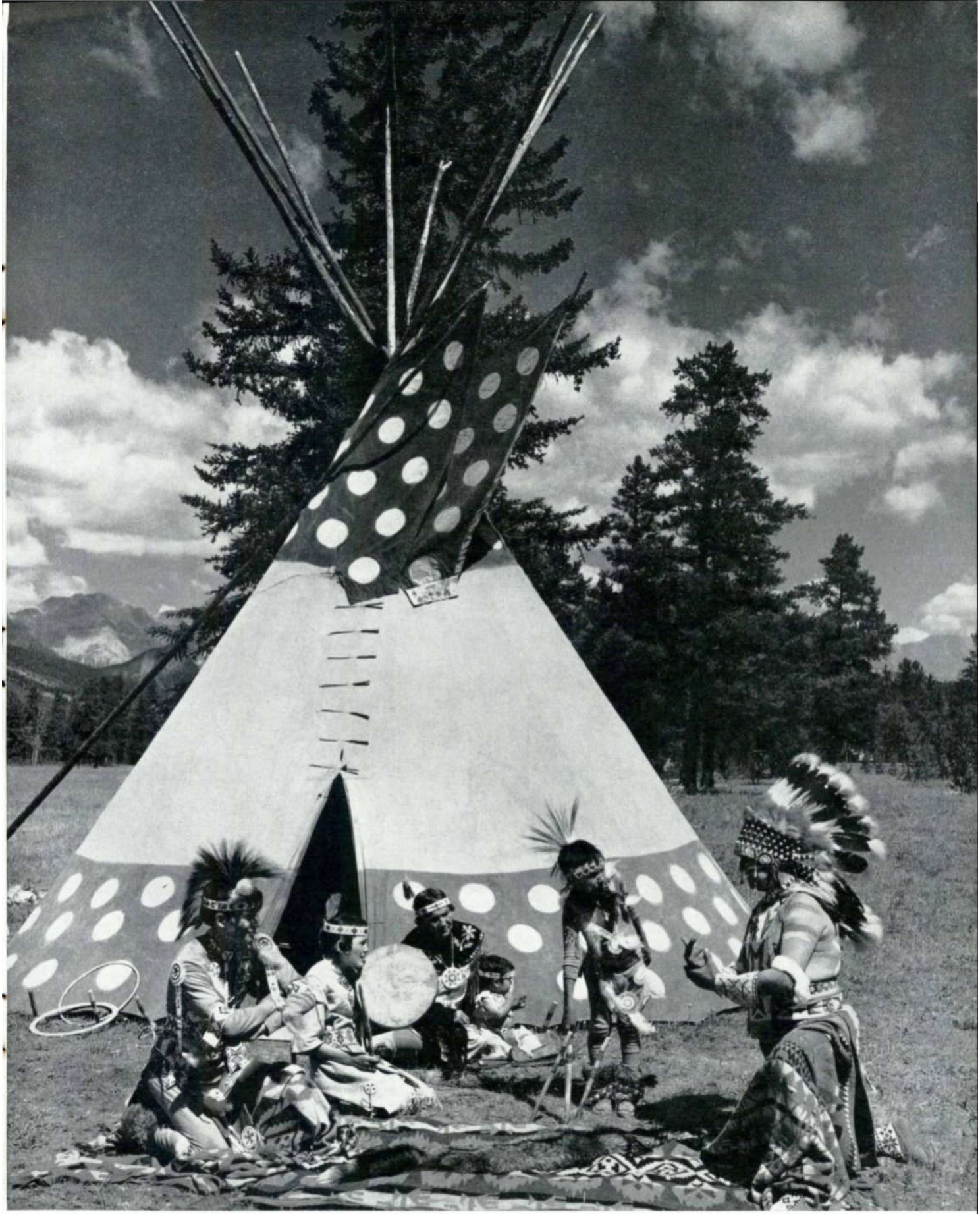
John Hunter fastens the tipi cover with moose thumbs.

The traditional buffalo-hide covering of tipis has given way to canvas but there is still much work in making them. The tipi of the interior view shown on page 30 was made by Mrs Nat Hunter. She used 120 yards of 36-inch, 8-ounce canvas and did all the sewing by hand, with double seams. Nineteen poles hold up this mass of canvas and an inner wall about six feet high. Cross poles between the lodge poles serve as hanging racks. Here there is an open fireplace, with a tripod for supporting cooking pots.

In the canvas homes old and new mingle strangely: a radio beside a dog travois and quill embroidered shirt; jerky (thin strips of meat) drying over the fire and tea-bags ready for the pot; axminster mats alongside calf-skins. But in the lodges that are entered for the best tipi contest, the traditional prevails and here are to be seen priceless treasures; decorated parfleches (rawhide bags made something like an envelope); a medicine bundle; a decorated round buffalo-hide shield; willow rod back-rests; a skin bag containing vermilion; quillwork; tunics and leggings at least three generations in the family; befeathered coup sticks (to touch an enemy or count coup was a braver act than killing him).

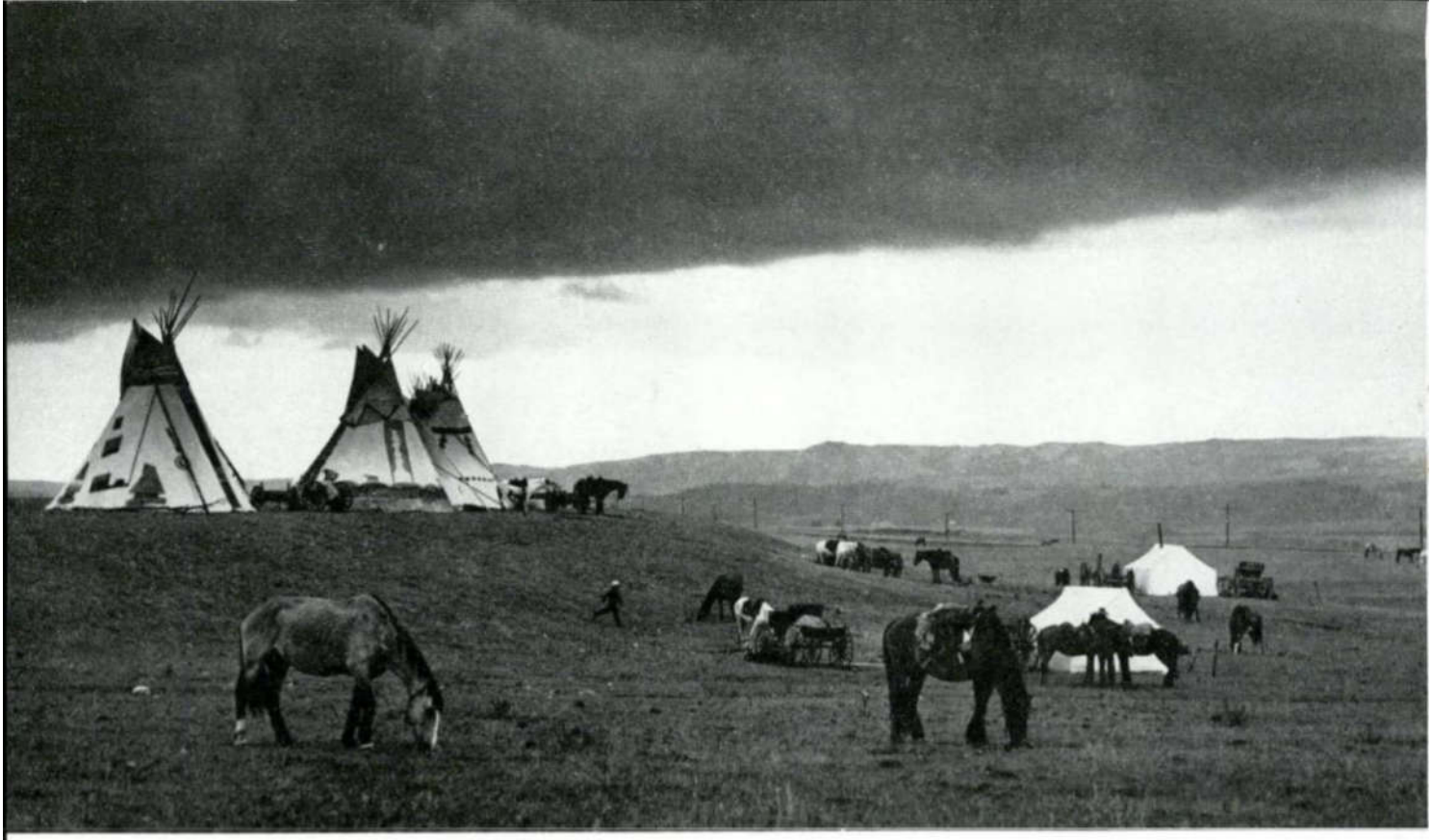


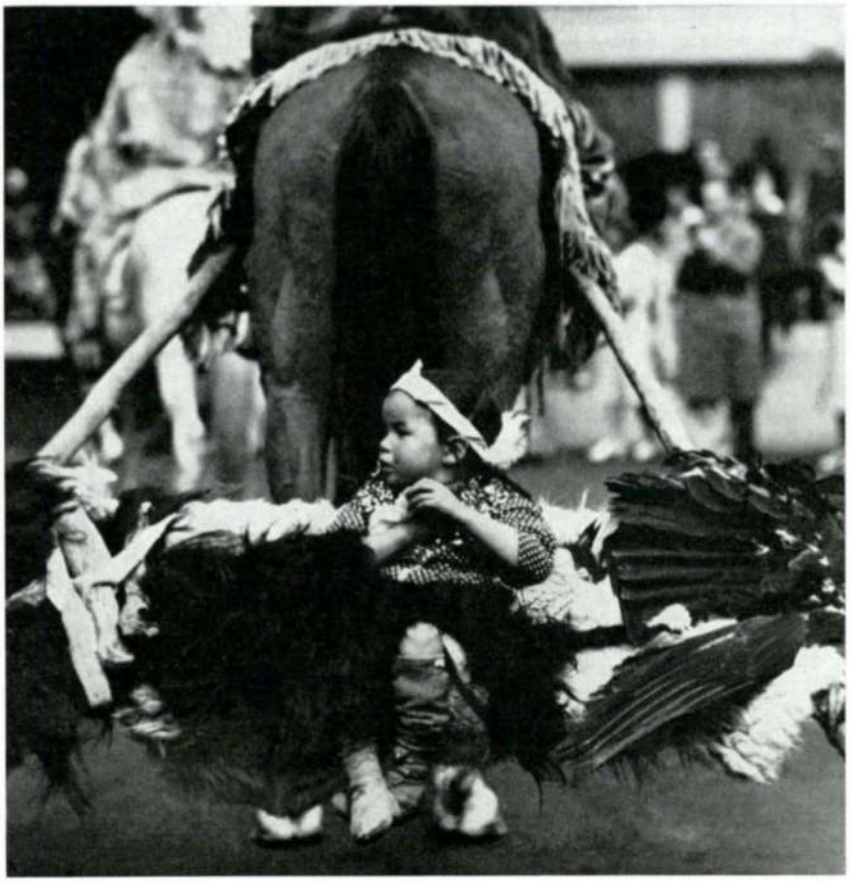
John Hunter or Sitting Eagle and his wife Leah. The medallion he is wearing is inscribed in Russian and carries the imperial eagle. Leah has an Alberta 1905 medal among her sweetgrass necklaces. When not "dressed up" Mr Hunter (shown on the previous page fastening the tipi) wears a serge suit and black felt hat, enlivened by green neckerchief and red ribbons in his braids



Gambling has always been a popular pastime with the Indians and Joe Saddleback stages a two-stick game in front of his tipi with the fur as booty and the small boy keeping score

C.P.R.





The encampment between Banff and home is reminiscent of older times. Each family brings several sleek, well fed horses with them

The youngster is comfortable on a travois, traditional form of transport made by tipi poles attached to the horse, the ends dragging on the ground, connected by a rack. Smaller travois were pulled by dogs

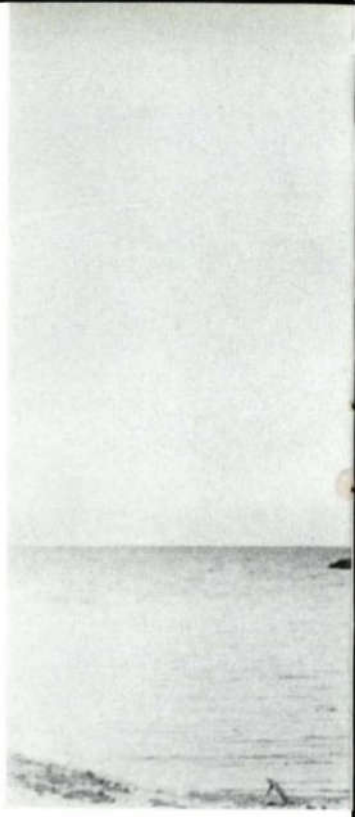
Photographs by Nicholas Morant and Mrs Morant
Sketches by Marie Strieffler

The epitome of the Indian, with coup stick and eagle feather headdress, which few, in actuality, ever wore

Steeped in the atmosphere of the brave old days, the new comes back with a bit of a shock. In a car driven by one of the Indian Days association comes dignified old Chief Walking Buffalo (George McLean) dressed in deerskins and wearing a buffalo-horn headdress. Here surely is the essence of the plains, one who should talk of the latest tribal warfare and the movement of the buffalo herds. But Walking Buffalo will chat of his experiences when he travelled round the world, and his conclusions, that all people want the same things in life and there should be more mixing and talking. Then there is Joe Saddleback, a big handsome Hobbema Cree who is living in a pink tipi with blue and white polka dot top and base. He can talk about some 200 European cities and spent quite a time in Paris. His daughter Rosemary was born in Dijon. A few years ago he toured with a circus, one of the "bad Indians" who attacked a stage coach. He thought it a great joke but enjoyed seeing Europe.

Not everything "Indian" will be authentic or antique or hand-made, nor are some of the tales to be heard based on strict historical accuracy. But there is much of great value to please the discriminating, and there is colour and action to please the sightseer.

The Indians who come to Banff in late July regard their week in camp not primarily as an exhibition but as a holiday and social gathering of the first order, to which everyone looks forward eagerly. It is an event for the whole family, from the 15-day-old baby sleeping in a mossbag to the old lady of a hundred years comfortably resting on her fur rugs in an airy tipi as she sucks on her pipe and receives her friends. Some years ago there was a proposal to limit the number of Indians who could attend the annual celebrations. This plan was firmly rejected by the Stonies, whose views were summed up by Jacob Two-Young-Man: "If all cannot come there will be no Indian Days next year." This was conclusive. There are still Indians Days and all who can manage it come; they enjoy their holiday and the visitors enjoy them and the opportunity of glimpsing an almost forgotten way of life in this modern version of the annual tribal reunion. ◆

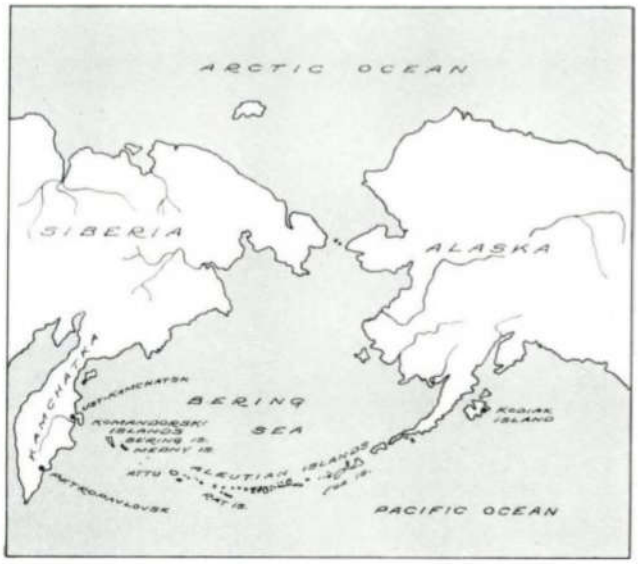


Aleuts in Nikolskoye village, Bering Island

ALEUTS OF THE

By Kuzma Kuzakov

The author was born in the Irkutsk region of Siberia to a family of hunters. He graduated from Leningrad University in the economics and geography of the Far North and holds a master's degree in economics. In the course of work on the Committee on Northern Problems of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences Mr Kuzakov took part in scientific expeditions to various areas of northern Siberia. Photographs by Yelizaveta Orlova an ethnographer who was in the Komandorski Islands in 1961

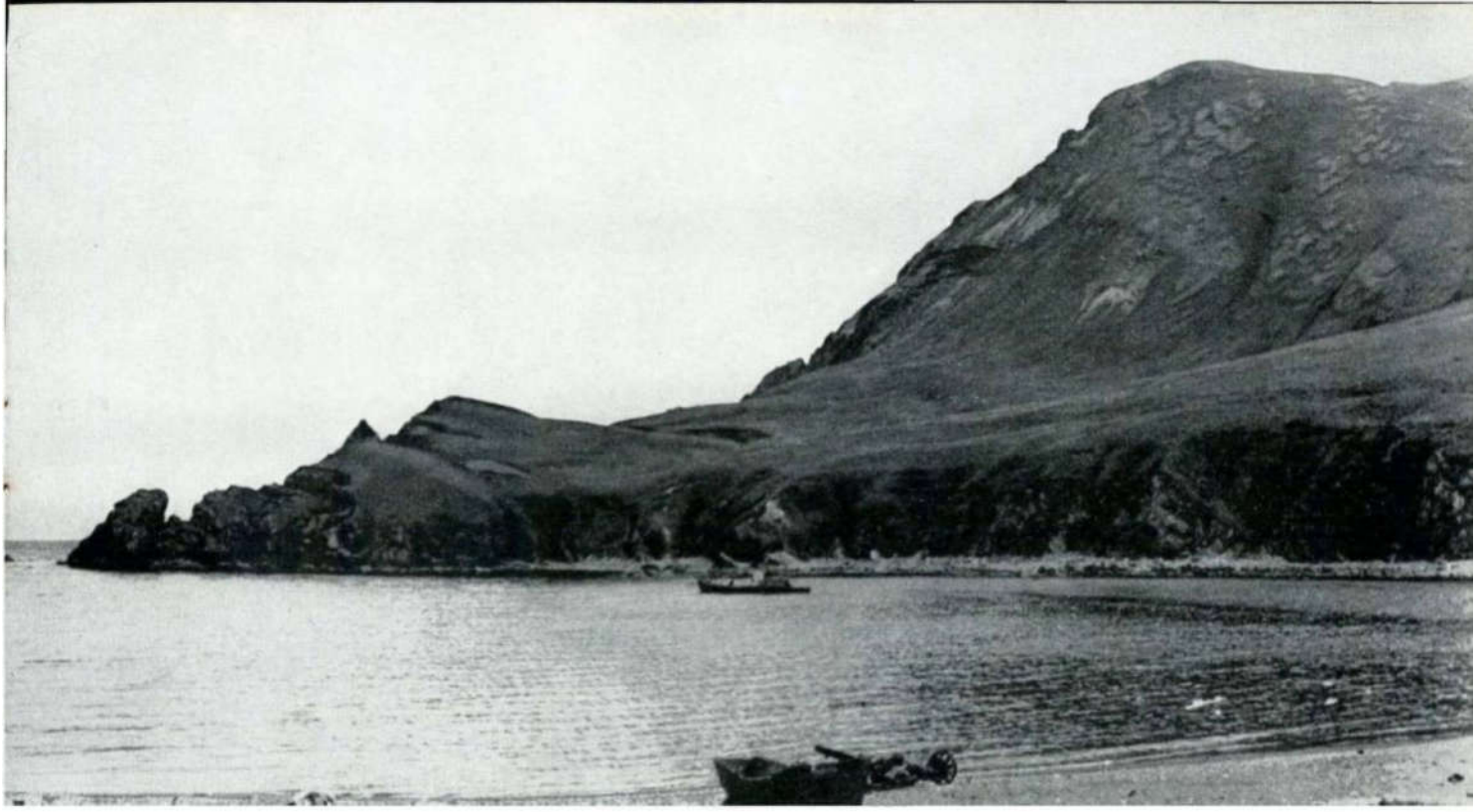


THE Komandorski Islands lie east of the Kamchatka Peninsula, in the southern part of the Bering Sea. They are located approximately 180 nautical miles from the nearest island of the Aleutian ridge, Attu, and 120 nautical miles from Ust-Kamchatsk. The most important of the four islands of the Komandorski, or Commander, Archipelago are the Bering and Medny islands.

Bering's second expedition discovered the Komandorski Islands on 5 November 1741. At that time the islands were uninhabited. Most of the members of the expedition perished during the forced wintering on Bering Island, and in December 1741 Commodore Vitus Bering himself died. The noted scientist Georg Steller, another member of the expedition, became the explorer of the island, and the first comprehensive description of Bering Island was written by him.

At the time of Bering's expeditions the Aleuts lived on the islands of the Aleutian ridge and on the western coast of the Alaskan Peninsula. After the return of Bering's expedition, groups of Russian traders rushed to the Aleutian Islands, drawn by their tremendous fur wealth. Soon the entire chain of the Aleutian islands was discovered by the Russians.

The settlement of the Komandorski Islands by the Aleuts began in the middle of the eighteen-thirties, when



Medny Island

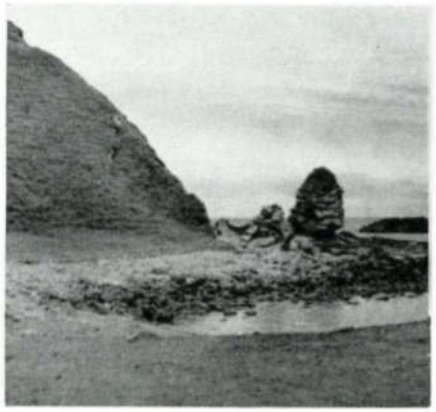
KOMANDORSKI ISLANDS

the Russian-American Company, which had been formed in 1799, was operating there. In addition to the Aleuts from the Rat and Fox islands, Konyagas (an Eskimo tribe from Kodiak Island) and people of the Indian tribe Negotis, near Sitka, were brought to Bering Island. Aleuts from Attu Island were brought to the Medny Island. The resettlement was made with the object of establishing a steady supply of workers for exploiting the fur riches of the Komandorski Islands. Subsequently the representatives of other nations and nationalities—Russians, Ukrainians, Syrians, among others—appeared on these islands. The result is that the initial population has intermarried to such an extent that the majority of the Aleuts of the Komandorski Islands of our times are of mixed blood.

There are no data on the number of the first settlers. According to the 1926-27 census, the total number of Aleuts on the Komandorski Islands amounted to 345. A census embracing the entire Soviet Union was held in 1959. The nationality and mother tongue of each person was recorded according to his own declaration. The nationality of the children was put down according to the parents' wishes. This census revealed that there were 409 Aleuts in the U.S.S.R. of whom 347 lived on the Komandorski Islands.

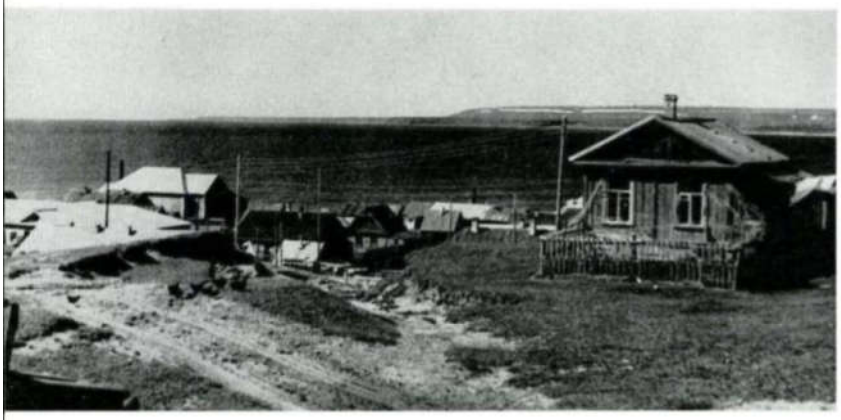
After the liquidation of the Russian-American Company and the sale of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands to the United States in 1867, the Komandorski Islands were administratively put under the charge of the Petropavlovsk District Police Officer. From 1871 to 1917 they were rented by different commercial and industrial companies. Between 1918 and 1922 the islands fell several times into the hands of various bands, who took away the fur and left the population to its own fate. Only in 1925, after the interventionists were driven out of the Far East, were two rural soviets—local organs of Soviet authority—elected by the local population itself on the Komandorski Islands. In 1932 these islands were reorganized into an independent Aleutian District.

The Komandorski Archipelago is the Soviet Union's only habitat of two most valuable fur animals: the fur-seal and the sea otter. The islands are also rich in blue fox. When the islands were discovered, these riches were tremendous. The herds of fur-seal were so numerous that they hampered the crew of Bering's ship the *St. Peter*, which wintered there in 1741, approaching shore. The sea otters were known as Kamchatka sea beavers from the nature of their fur. They spent part of the time ashore, sleeping, resting and playing, and the seamen frequently found large herds of them. For more than six months the



Rugged shore of mountainous island

A standard four-apartment house on Bering Island.



Nikolskoye village, Bering Island

A monument to Vitus Bering, who was buried on the island, is in Nikolskoye graveyard

"Kamchatka beaver" was their main source of food. The meat of the fur seals (called sea bears) was sometimes eaten but it was not liked and had ill effects. Food and belongings of the men had to be carefully protected from the innumerable blue foxes which, quite unafraid, crowded into the dwellings, and stole everything movable.

But by the twenties of our century the fur economy came into complete decline because of irrational exploitation. The herds of fur-seal became very sparse, the Kamchatka beavers (sea otters) were almost entirely destroyed and the number of blue foxes dropped greatly. The restoration of the fur economy started with the establishment of Soviet rule.

At the present time fur hunting on the Komandorski Islands is being conducted on a scientific basis. The number of animals that may be killed is strictly limited. Due to the big drop in the sea otter population, hunting them has been and still is prohibited.

A system of fox farming has been established. In summer the foxes on Medny Island are allowed to roam freely and obtain their own food. While in quest of food in winter they come to the feed left by the hunters and that is where they are killed. One of the biggest blue fox farms in the Soviet Union was set up on Bering Island. The economy of both islands has been united in one state farm—the Commodore.

Marine fish (cod, flounder, bullhead, etc.) as well as the meat of marine animals, such as the seal and whale, are used as fodder for the foxes. This fodder is supplied by the Aleut Whaling Flotilla that operates near the Komandorski Islands. In 1928 reindeer were brought from Kamchatka to the Komandorski Archipelago. They adapted themselves well to the new surroundings, have multiplied, and are now freely roaming the island without any care, for there are no beasts of prey, no wolves or bears. The periodic shooting of reindeer provides meat for the population and additional fodder for the foxes. In summer time, when big numbers of birds appear on the shores (the so-called seashore colony of birds), meat and eggs of birds are also added to the animals' diet.

The state farm on the Bering Island has about 100 head of cattle, among them more than 40 cows. Thus the island's population is provided with milk.

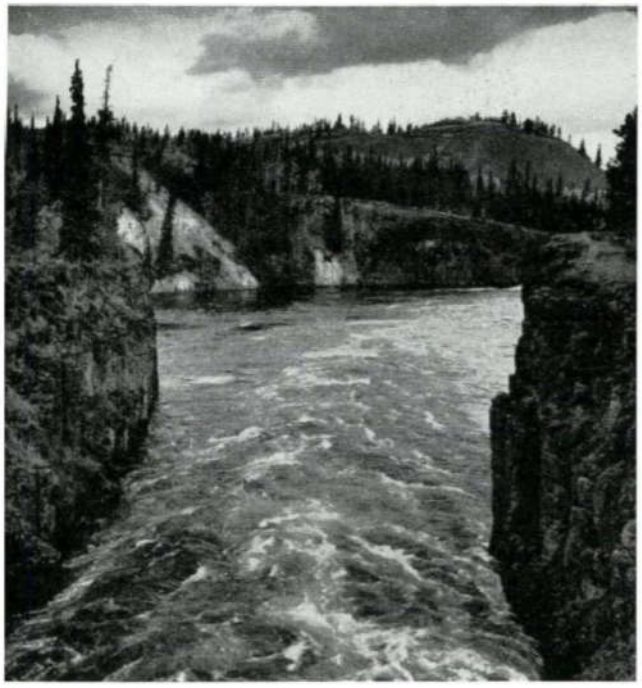
Communication between the Komandorski Islands is maintained with the aid of cutters, motorboats, whaleboats, and similar small craft. These means are also used for off-shore fishing. The fox farm has its own tractors and lorries, as well as a power plant. The rational organization of fur-seal hunting and fur farming ensures the workers and office employees of the fur farm on the Komandorski Islands guaranteed payment for their labour.

The living conditions of the population of these islands have radically changed for the better in recent years. The dirty low mud-huts built in the past are replaced by good modern houses. The apartments have electricity and are heated with coal. Hospitals equipped with the latest instruments have been set up on the Bering and Medny Islands. There are also crèches and, in the summer, children's playgrounds. Clubs, cinema houses, and libraries are functioning on both islands. The district newspaper *Aleutian Star* is published on Bering Island.

All adult Aleuts now know Russian in addition to their own language. Despite their long contact with other nationalities, the Aleuts have preserved many national characteristics in their material and spiritual culture. The consciousness of national unity is well developed among them and they have preserved songs in their mother tongue, and a number of ancient dance shows.

All the children of school age attend school, the youngsters in the boarding schools being maintained fully at state expense. All the adult Aleuts are literate. Many of them have a seven-year schooling or a secondary education. As a rule, the women have a secondary vocational education in medicine or pedagogics and the men in sea navigation. Completing school in their native parts, many young Aleuts continue their studies in different cities of the Soviet Union. During the 1959 census 62 Aleuts attended college, secondary school, or worked in the fleet far away from the Komandorski Islands, in Ust-Kamchatsk, Petropavlovsk on Kamchatka, and Vladivostok.

Pavel Volokitin and Aksenov, who work at a fur farm on Medny Island, receive building materials for a boarding school. Volokitin, graduate of a technical school on the mainland, has recorded old Aleut songs

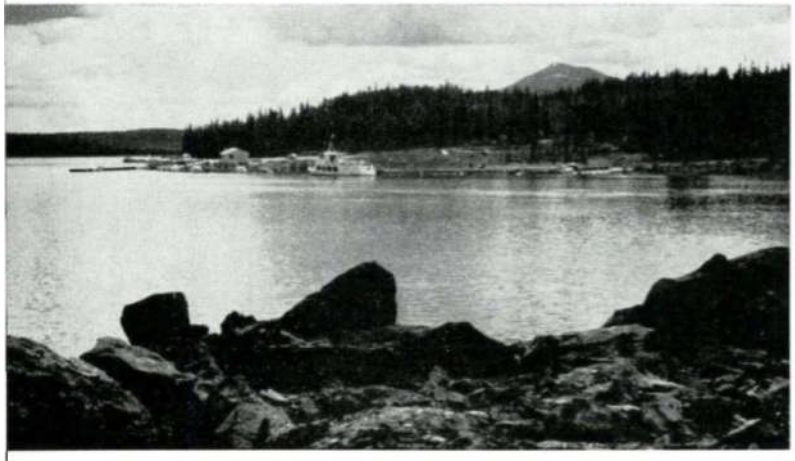


For countless ages the cold blue water of the Yukon River ceaselessly ripped through the narrow gorge at Miles Canyon and roared on over the rocks of Whitehorse Rapids, frightening and fascinating those who passed that way. Before the turn of the century, hordes of rushing stampeders, floating downstream to the Klondike goldfields on laboriously constructed rafts piled with supplies, had reason to curse the savage stretch of water, where many lost their lives. More recently streams of tourists paused to stare in awed enchantment at the racing, foaming maelstrom; but only a handful were there to behold the interruption in the furious torrent and see what lay beneath that turbulent water.

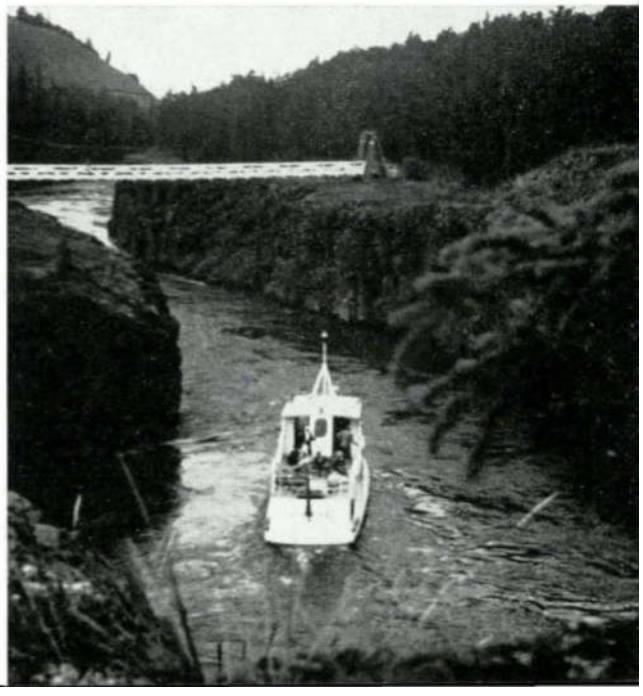
In 1958 a dam was built at the site of Whitehorse Rapids. Many tons of rock and thousands of loads of gravel were poured into the river in the process of harnessing its power. To facilitate the building of low level cribbing and concrete work required for the hydro electric power project, the dam was closed for a short time, holding back the autumn flow and revealing for the first time the

Beneath Whitehorse Rapids

BY NELL LISTER



Yukon River bed. Exposed was a great expanse of granite, stretching from bank to bank, honeycombed with rounded holes and basins, looking like the craters on the moon. Smooth boulders and stones of various sizes lay in the cavities, resting



Top: Miles Canyon ten years ago
Rosemary Gilliat

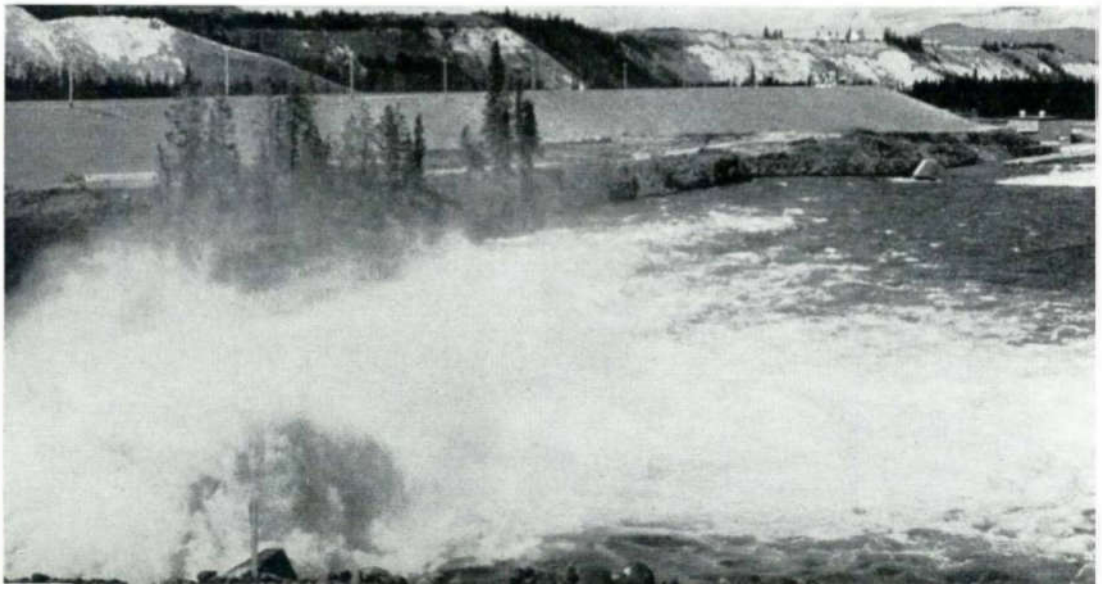
Above: The new lake above the dam

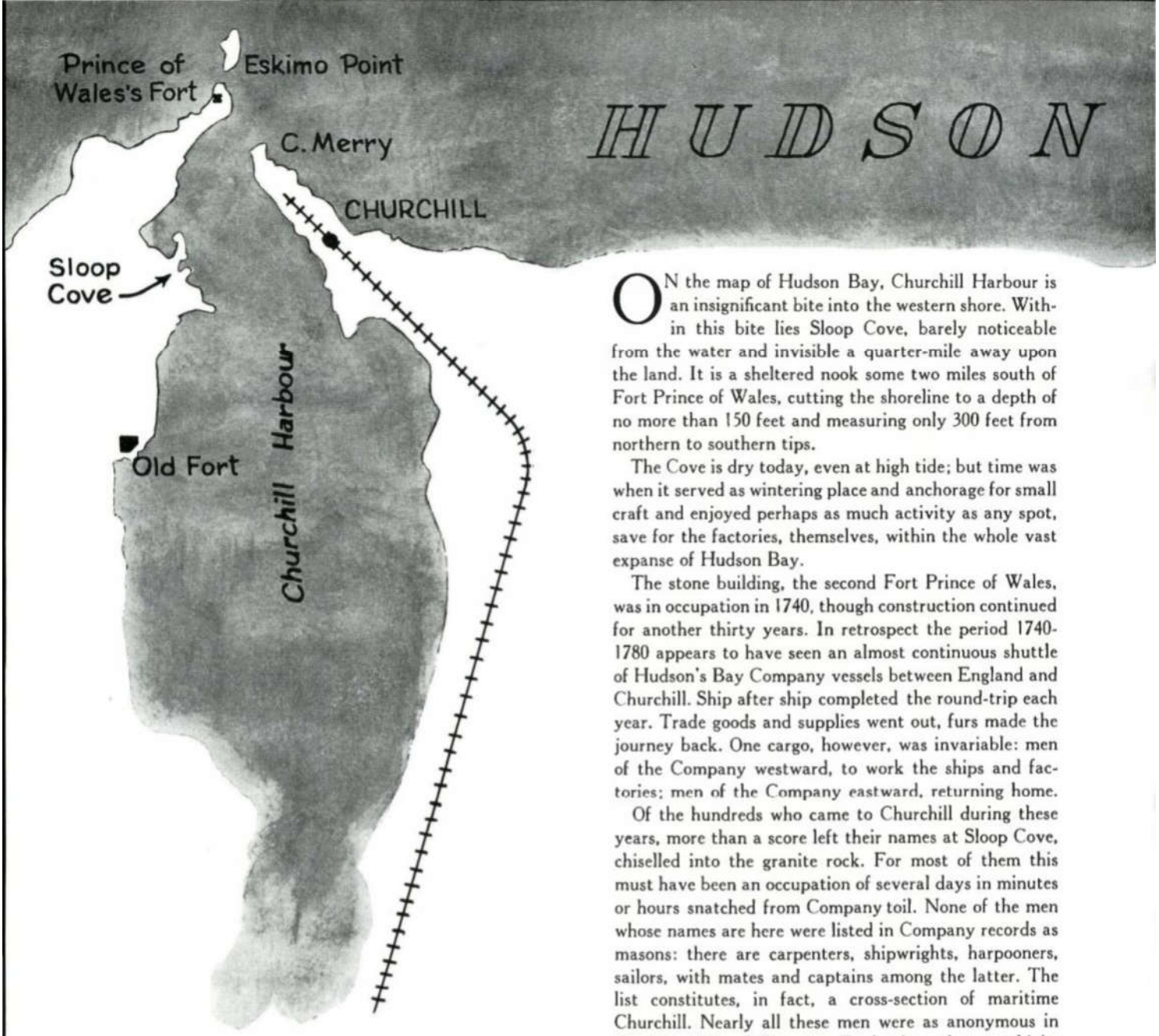
Right: The "Schwatka" cruises through the now tamed Miles Canyon
Photographs, except first, by Nell and Allan Lister

Cavities and basins of the exposed river bed

from the years of continual whirling and washing which had worn one against the other to an even roundness. With the work completed the dam was opened and a wave of water once more hid the strange rocky river bed. Now a power plant capable of producing 20,000 horsepower for the Yukon is in operation. Above the dam, the river spreads out to become a new lake. Below the dam, evidence of Whitehorse Rapids has disappeared. Thrust from spillways, the water leaps and boils no more; but where eddies and swirls show on the surface one can imagine, far below, the boulders grinding in their stone basins.

Water foaming from spillways at the dam





the MARINERS at SLOOP COVE

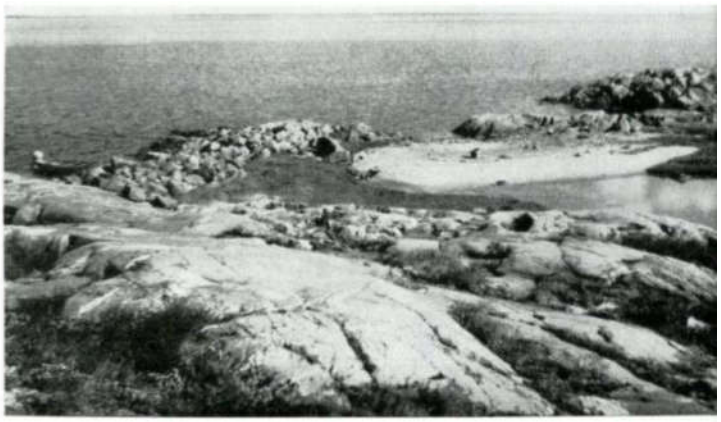
by Oliver Fuller

ON the map of Hudson Bay, Churchill Harbour is an insignificant bite into the western shore. Within this bite lies Sloop Cove, barely noticeable from the water and invisible a quarter-mile away upon the land. It is a sheltered nook some two miles south of Fort Prince of Wales, cutting the shoreline to a depth of no more than 150 feet and measuring only 300 feet from northern to southern tips.

The Cove is dry today, even at high tide; but time was when it served as wintering place and anchorage for small craft and enjoyed perhaps as much activity as any spot, save for the factories, themselves, within the whole vast expanse of Hudson Bay.

The stone building, the second Fort Prince of Wales, was in occupation in 1740, though construction continued for another thirty years. In retrospect the period 1740-1780 appears to have seen an almost continuous shuttle of Hudson's Bay Company vessels between England and Churchill. Ship after ship completed the round-trip each year. Trade goods and supplies went out, furs made the journey back. One cargo, however, was invariable: men of the Company westward, to work the ships and factories; men of the Company eastward, returning home.

Of the hundreds who came to Churchill during these years, more than a score left their names at Sloop Cove, chiselled into the granite rock. For most of them this must have been an occupation of several days in minutes or hours snatched from Company toil. None of the men whose names are here were listed in Company records as masons: there are carpenters, shipwrights, harpooners, sailors, with mates and captains among the latter. The list constitutes, in fact, a cross-section of maritime Churchill. Nearly all these men were as anonymous in the broad life of Georgian England as they would be today in ours. Sailors, specialists, labourers, a servant; only one, named Samuel Hearne, is now widely known, and for reasons other than that his name is carved here in the rock.



BAY

The whys and wherefors of the rock-carved names present no mystery. Men marooned (albeit, willingly) upon a strange, cold barren shore, will do what they can to nudge time by. Nor can we afford to feel superior. "Fools' names and fools' faces . . .", it is said; yet the best of us have sometimes felt the urge to leave our names on trees or stones or on the shifting sand. The proportion who did so at Churchill, is for the historian scarcely large enough. Yet the picture is intriguing: imagine Sloop Master John Horner; Shipwright and Caulker John Hulme; Harpooner John Paterson—all three crouching in the wind, perhaps on the same day, within the same year at least, pounding away on chisels held in numbing hands, to leave something of themselves behind them on this snow-blown shore.

Speculation, of course, and fanciful. But as far as realities are concerned, we have some record of their life as it must have been at Churchill.

Captain James Knight, Governor in Hudson Bay, recorded these words a generation before the names were carved:

> . . . & when wee was gott in I went a Shore, but I never See such a Misserable Place in all my Life. . . . Wee pitch'd our tents & I Gott my bedding ashore, but was Wellcom'd by Such a Quantity of Musketos. . . . Notwithstanding the Summer is so farr Spent the Snow lyes very Deep in Some of the Bays now, Excepting whare the Water comes up to Wash it. So that what is built must be upon a Point Where the Wind can Drive away the Snow Clear.

This was in 1717. There is no evidence that conditions have altered substantially since that time. Captain Christopher Middleton, commanding the expedition by *Furnace* ketch and *Discovery* pink to find the fabled Northwest Passage, wrote on 11 October 1741:

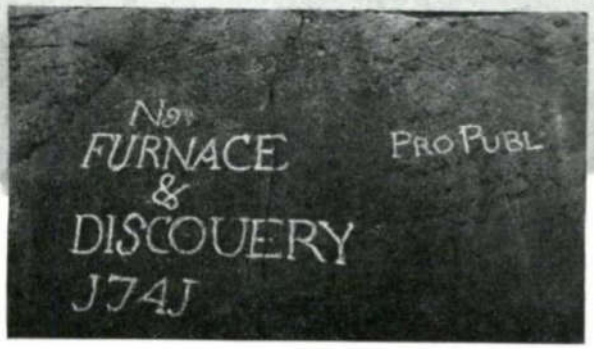
> . . . The Officers drank to his Majestys Health and Success to the British Arms, as ye Guns were firing. It was observed at ye same time that the wine with which the Officers drank the Aforesaid Healths, and which was good port wine, froze in the Glass as soon as pour'd out of the Bottle. . . .

So much for summer and autumn. A generation later, hear William Wales, astronomer and naturalist, at Fort Prince of Wales:

> In the month of January, 1769, the cold began to be extremely intense: even in our little cabbin, which was scarcely three yards square, and in which we constantly kept a very large fire; . . . The head of my bed-place, for want of knowing better, went against one of the outside walls of the house; and notwithstanding they were of stone, near three feet thick, and lined with inch boards, supported at least three inches from the walls, my bedding was frozen to the boards every morning; and before the end of February, these boards were covered with ice almost half as thick as themselves. Towards the latter end of January, when the cold was so very intense, I carried a half-pint of brandy, perfectly fluid, into the open air, and in less than two minutes it was as thick as treacle; in about five it had a very strong ice on the top; and I verily believe that in an hour's time it would have been nearly solid.
>
> It was now almost impossible to sleep an hour together, more especially on very cold nights, without being awakened by the cracking of the beams in the house, which were rent by the prodigious expansive power of the frost. It was very easy to mistake them for the guns on the top of the house, which are three pounders. But those are nothing to what we frequently hear from the rocks up in the country, and along the coast; these often bursting with a report equal to that of many heavy artillery fired together, and the splinters are thrown to an amazing distance.

It is easy to say, peering backwards out of our twentieth-century comfort, that such men, explorers and rough sailors, even scientists, took conditions like these in stride. Or, at a more sophisticated level, that life in eighteenth-century Europe was scarcely one of ease and abiding comfort, even for the privileged. Yet such arguments are surely weak enough, when we recall that these men came out to Churchill for three years, five years, or longer; that they returned to England—and came out again. One man, John Paterson, stayed at Churchill for seventeen years, apparently without a single visit "home." Another, John Irvin, ill when he left England, yet served four years at Churchill, made several voyages north by sloop, became ill again, and died aboard the ship that was to take him home. He, of all whose names are here, seems to have left his bones at Churchill, although his grave has not been found.

The notes that follow concern twenty-one men whose names were carved upon the granite that rims Sloop Cove. In an age when writing was not a universal accomplishment, it is noteworthy that diligent search among H B C records has revealed signatures of all but one of the men. Being able to write, it is probable that they made their own inscriptions on the rocks. Of many sorts and conditions, most, it may be supposed, knew one another despite all differences in station. They were constrained within a social hierarchy, itself reflecting that in force in Britain; yet social distinctions could have been less binding here, as in frontier communities elsewhere. Their names at least are found together on the rock, in what may have been one of the earliest expressions of democracy in Canada.



Captain Middleton's *Furnace*, a bomb ketch and the *Discovery*, a pink, put in to Churchill on 8 August 1741 and were laid up for the winter in Sloop Cove. There they were in due course frozen in solidly. On 5 April 1742, work to free the *Furnace* was begun—"she was more like a lump of ice than a ship." By the 24th a first attempt to heave her away from the bottom of the dock was in progress, but it was not until June 10th that she was at last torn loose. The two vessels sailed northward on July 1st. Middleton's failure to find the Northwest Passage led to accusations that he had falsified his journals and failed in his duty.

SAMUEL HEARNE

At the time he inscribed his name upon the rock at Sloop Cove, Samuel Hearne was a youth of twenty-two and had already been with the Hudson's Bay Company for two years, apparently at Churchill all that time. Another two years were to elapse before he began the first of his memorable "Journeys"; eight years before he became Chief at Prince of Wales's Fort. Meanwhile he had the good fortune to be a resident at Churchill when the scientist, William Wales, and his assistant, Joseph Dymond, arrived to observe the transit of the planet Venus across the sun, in 1769.

JOHN HORNER

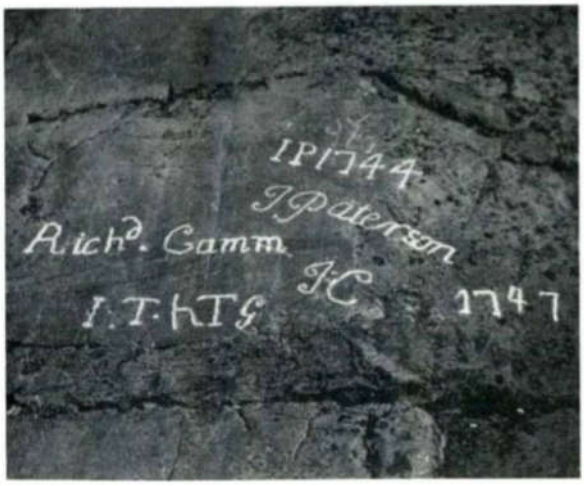
For twenty-five years, from 1744 to 1769, as second mate, first mate and master, John Horner served the Company on the high seas. He spent one year nominally ashore as sloop master at Churchill; during the remainder of his service he made no less than twenty-four voyages from England to Hudson Bay and return, on six vessels of the Company's fleet. At various times during Horner's long career he was shipmate to several men, whose names also appear on the rocks.

In 1747, when he returned to England as a passenger aboard the Company's ship *Hudson's Bay* (fifth of the same name) John Hulme was a member of her crew. Horner became second mate on this vessel in 1748, chief mate in 1749 and 1750. Richard Johnson may have been on the ship on the voyage from England in 1750, either as passenger or sailor.

Horner was chief mate, James Walker second mate, aboard *Prince Rupert* (II) in 1757, while in 1760, James Wood and William Story were passengers on the same vessel. Horner became chief mate in the ship *Seahorse* (I), and sailed in 1762 and 1763 with Wood as second mate and John Groat a member of the crew. Horner's logs for six voyages he made as master in *Prince Rupert* (III) and *Seahorse* (II), from 1764 to 1769, are preserved in the Company's archives. In 1769 he appears to have condoned an attempt to defraud His Majesty's Customs by transporting privately owned furs, and was discharged from the Company's service.

RICHARD CAMM

In 1744 England was at war with both France and Spain, and the Company ordered its ship *Seahorse* (I), Captain John Fowler, to Hudson Bay in a move to strengthen defences at York and Churchill. Richard Camm was a member of the crew of *Seahorse*, and the Churchill account book for 1744-45 contains his signature for goods received. John Hulme was a member of the *Seahorse* crew, also.



JOHN PATERSON

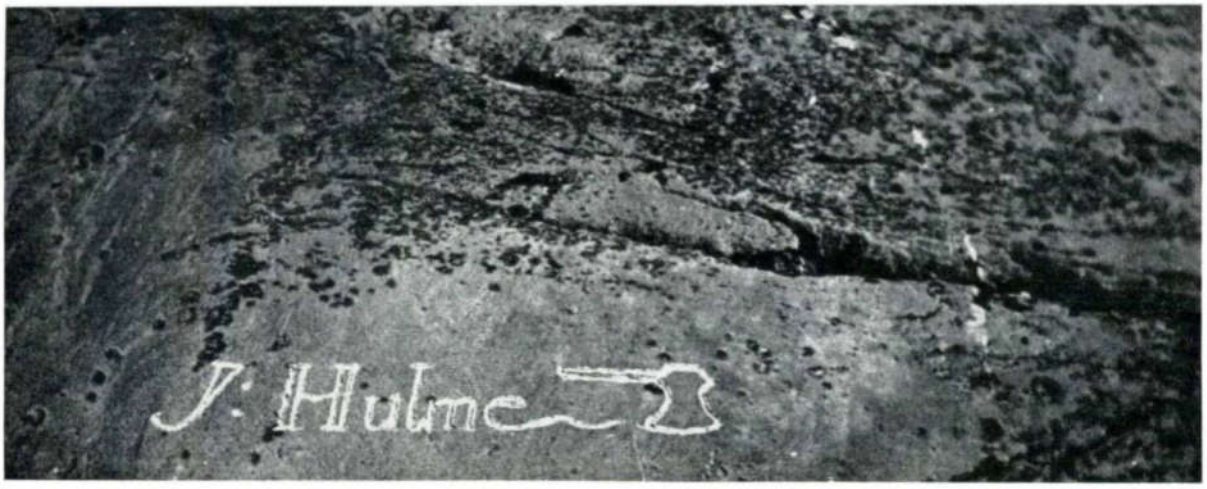
For seventeen years John Paterson served the Company as sailor and harpooner at Churchill and during all that time he seems never to have left Hudson Bay. According to records available, he made one trip to the north on the sloop *Churchill*, in 1746. He was paid a total of £406 for service from 1741 to 1758. He returned to England aboard the *Prince Rupert* (III), with James Walker as second mate and Captain Joseph Spurrell as master. Spurrell's name appears on a stone built into the Fort wall.

JOHN HULME

With Richard Camm aboard the Company's ship *Seahorse* (I) when she sailed from England in 1744, was John Hulme. He remained at Churchill as shipwright and caulker, later sawyer, for three years at a yearly wage of £26. Hulme returned to England on the Company's ship *Hudson's Bay* (V), on which John Horner was a passenger.

WILLIAM DAVISSON

Less is known about William Davisson than about any other of the men who left their names at Sloop Cove. He was in the Company's service from 14 August 1747 until 2 September 1748, and his wages of £27 a year suggest he may have been at least a specialist. However, the names of none of the ships upon which he had passage are known.



JAMES WALKER

Appointed in 1749 by the Governor and Committee "to serve the Company as Master of the *Churchill* sloop (the old *Moose River* sloop) for five years at £35 p. annum to go on the Northern Expedition &ca. to be allowed £10 a Year for a Servant and to have Second Mates pay out and home," James Walker stands with George Holt and James Wood among those who must have been most valued employees of the Company.

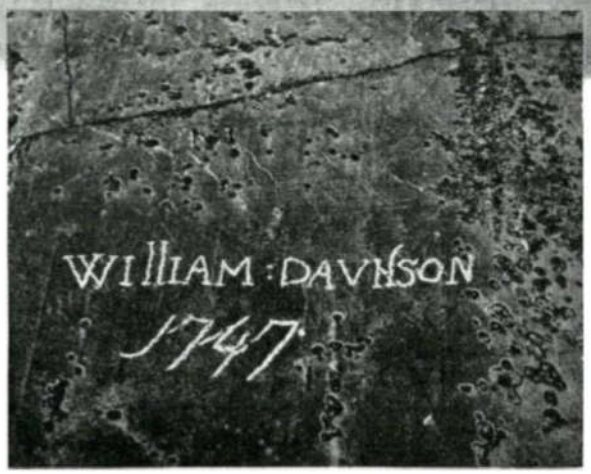
Walker succeeded John Marley as master of the *Churchill* in 1749. From 1755 to 1758 he served as second mate in the *Prince Rupert* (II), with John Horner as chief mate, and in *Prince Rupert* (III), on which John Paterson was a sailor. Masters of these two vessels were Captains George Spurrell and Joseph Spurrell, respectively.

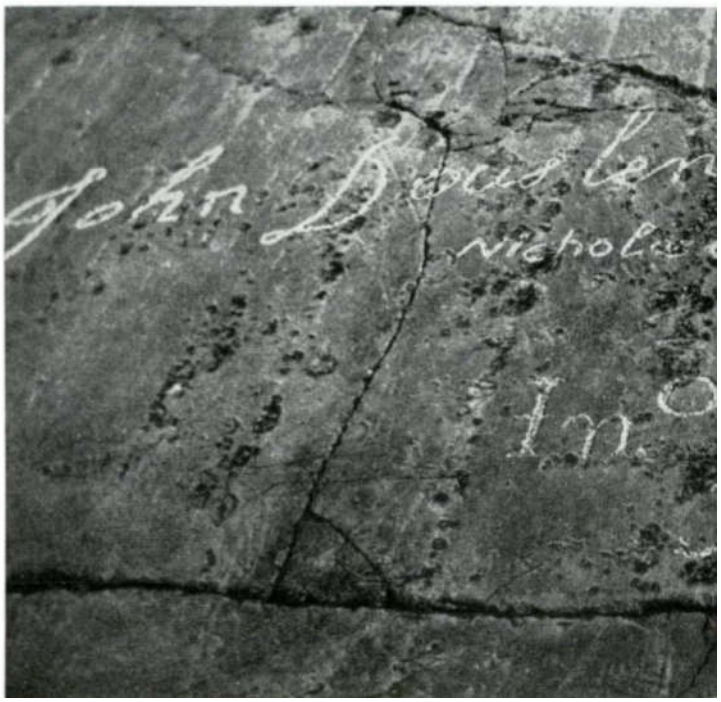
JOHN MARLEY

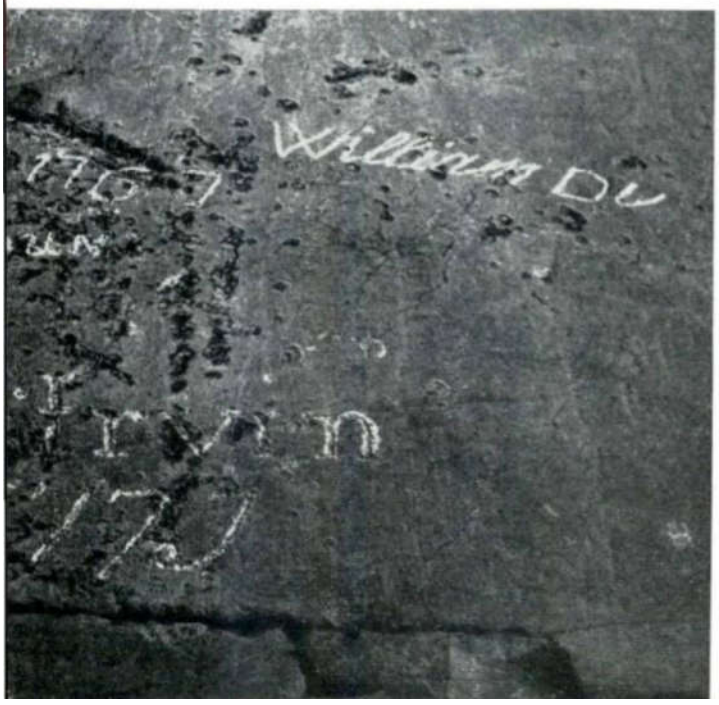
Arriving at Churchill in 1747 as a member of the crew of *Hudson's Bay* (V), Marley was appointed master of the *Churchill* sloop and held that post for two years. He was paid £40 the first year, £50 the second. However, Marley spent actually only one year at Churchill, during which time he must have inscribed his name at Sloop Cove. In 1748 he took the sloop to James Bay for a cargo of timber, but when time came to return to Churchill the weather had become so severe that he and his crew were obliged to winter at Moose Fort. They left there on the last day of May 1749 and after "a long and Teadious passage Occasioned by the Vast quantitys of Ice in the Bay," arrived at Churchill at the end of July. Marley returned to England in the *Hudson's Bay* (V) three days later.

JOHN KELLEY

Although the fact has not been documented, Kelley was presumably a native of the Isle of Wight. He arrived at Churchill aboard the *Seahorse* (I) in 1761 and served as a







sailor for three years at an annual wage of £20.

There is no evidence to bear out the legend that he was hanged for stealing a goose, though some think the picture by his name shows a hanging man. It is known that he sailed to the north as a member of the crew of *Churchill* sloop on trading expeditions in 1762, '63 and '64. None of the other Sloop Cove signatories are known to have been on board *Churchill* with Kelley. In August 1764 he returned to England as a sailor aboard *Seahorse* (I).

JOHN GROAT

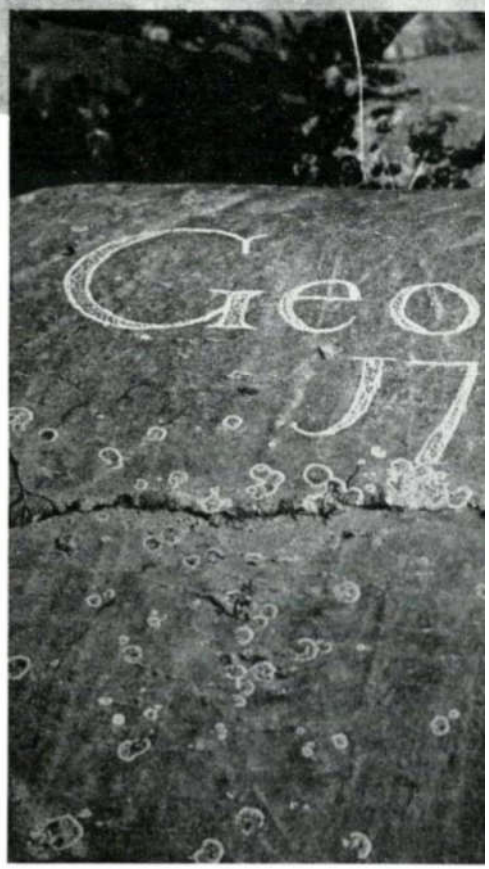
Captain Jonathan Fowler of the Company's ship *Seahorse* (I), probably hired John Groat in the Orkneys. Groat arrived at Churchill in August 1762 and served there as a labourer for five years at a wage of £6 a year. He apparently returned to England aboard *Prince Rupert* (III). James Wood was second mate on *Seahorse* when Groat made the voyage to Churchill, and John Horner was chief mate.

ROBERT FOWLER

Robert Fowler is the only servant who left his name on the Sloop Cove rocks. He was at Churchill, servant to Captain Magnus Johnston of the *Churchill* sloop, from 1766 to '69. He accompanied the sloop on trading and fishing expeditions during those four years. John Douslen was a member of *Churchill's* crew in 1767 and 1768, as was John Irvin in 1769. Fowler arrived at Churchill, apparently as a passenger, aboard the Company's ship *Prince Rupert* (III). On that voyage the chief mate was James Wood and Robert Lloyd was a member of her crew. On Fowler's return to England on *Prince Rupert* (IV), again presumably as a passenger, Wood and Lloyd were once more in the ship's company.

JOHN DOUSLEN

In 1765 *Prince Rupert* (III) sailed from England with John Douslen a member of her crew. He served as a



sailor at Churchill, for three years at a yearly wage of £15. During the last two of these years, in *Churchill* sloop, Robert Fowler was aboard as servant to Magnus Johnston, her master, with James Wood as chief mate.

JOHN IRVIN

The tragic story of John Irvin (or Irvine) is told in the Company's records. He left England in 1768 aboard the new brigantine *Charlotte*, but was taken ill en route and transferred in the Orkneys to *Prince Rupert* (III), upon which vessel George Holt was already a sailor. Despite this unfortunate beginning, Irvin served for four years, at £15 a year, as a sailor at Churchill. He took part in several trading expeditions to the north aboard *Churchill* sloop, in 1769 with Robert Lloyd as fellow crewman and Robert Fowler as captain's servant, and with George Holt as mate in 1770 and '71. In the latter year Irvin again became ill, was discharged from the factory's books and put aboard the *King George* (II) for passage home. He died that same night aboard ship (of what cause is not revealed), and his body was taken ashore for burial next day.

GEORGE HOLT

When the *Prince Rupert* (III) arrived at Churchill in 1768, George Holt and John Irvin were shipmates aboard her. Holt served as a sailor in Company vessels for two years, then became Master of the *Churchill* sloop. His one-time fellow crew-member, John Irvin, was a sailor under him during 1770. These two were together again, briefly, when both joined *King George* (II) in 1771. Holt was again a sailor, Irvin a passenger who died on the night he came aboard.

Holt returned to service with the Company in 1779, as sloop master at Churchill. He was appointed to command of the *Charlotte* sloop, with Alexander Menzies as his mate. He remained on the *Charlotte*, making several voyages to the north, until 1782, when Fort Prince of Wales was taken by the French. The *Charlotte* managed to escape and Holt sailed her to Plymouth. He was ordered to proceed to London but lost his convoy and was captured with the sloop and taken to Le Havre. His subsequent history is unknown.

ROBERT SMITH

Robert Smith served at Churchill as shipwright from 1774 to 1777. He probably arrived on the Company's ship *Seahorse* (II) and departed on the same vessel. On both trips James Wood was chief mate aboard her. In 1776 Smith made one trip north, aboard *Charlotte* sloop, on a trading expedition, with Alexander Menzies as mate.

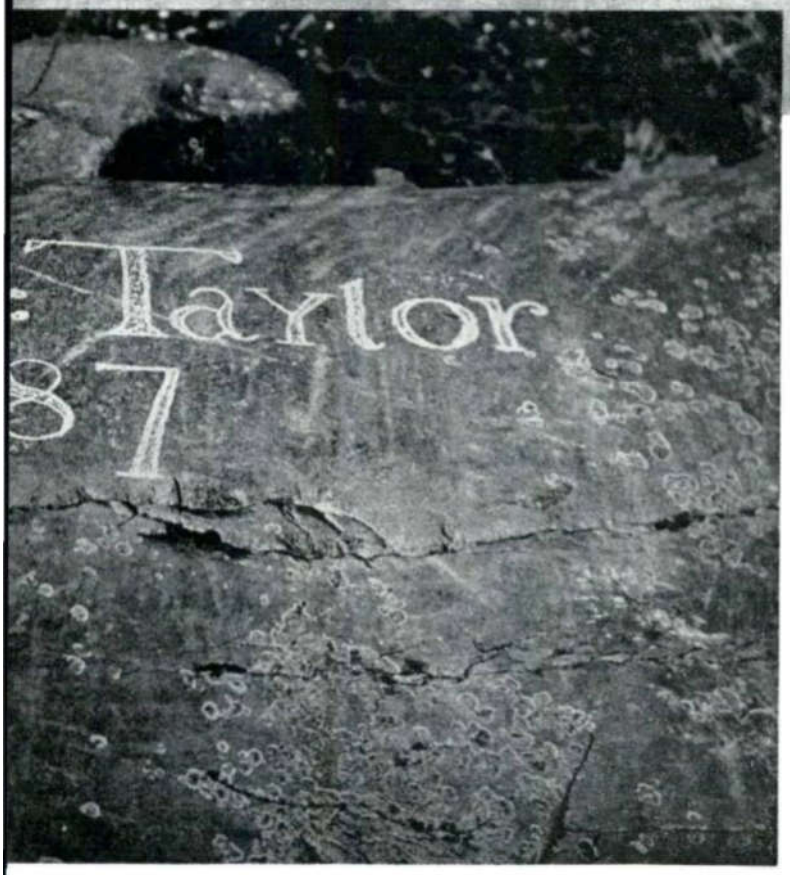
ALEXANDER MENZIES

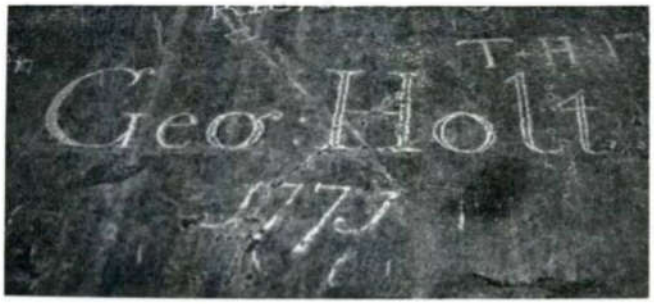
Arriving at Churchill in 1769 aboard the Company's ship *Prince Rupert* (IV), with James Wood as chief mate, Alexander Menzies was employed as a sailor and, in 1772, became mate of the sloop *Churchill*. He sailed with her on a northern trading expedition and that same year returned with her to England. He came back to Churchill the following year, again aboard the *Prince Rupert* (IV) and became mate of the brigantine *Charlotte*, which post he held for two years. Transferred to the *Charlotte* sloop, he served aboard her for four years. Robert Smith was carpenter in the sloop during all that time, while during the last two years George Holt was her master. In 1780 Menzies was dismissed from the sloop for drunkenness and was discharged from the Company's service. He returned to England in the *Seahorse* (II).

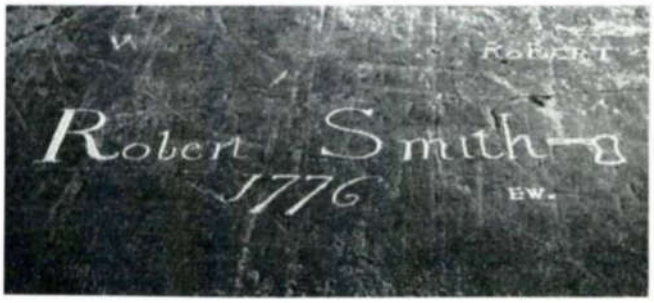
GEORGE TAYLOR

Long service as mate and master in several of the Company's vessels is doubtless responsible for the fact that Taylor's record in the archives is of somewhat greater length than are those of his fellows whose names appear at Sloop Cove.

Taylor's first engagement by the Company was in 1787, and he served without apparent break in tenure until 1815. The relatively late period during which he appears is doubtless the reason why he was one of the few whose name is not associated with others inscribed at Sloop Cove. In the second year of his service with the Company Taylor was given command of the sloop *Churchill* and made several voyages in her to Marble Island in Hudson Bay. When, in 1790, the sloop was assigned to the use of Captain Charles Duncan of the Navy on a voyage of exploration to the area north of Churchill, Taylor was her master and took her to England. He returned with her the following year, as second in command under Duncan. However, the captain considered *Churchill* unsuitable for the northern trip and the sloop *Beaver* was refitted as a brig for the voyage. From 1793 to 1815 Taylor commanded a succession of Company vessels, including not only the *Beaver* brig, but the ship *King George* (III) and the schooner *Eastmain*. Even after his retirement







his name appears in the Company's records as "Pilot of the *Britannia*," a ship chartered in 1817 which burnt the following year after wintering in the Bay and Taylor returned as a passenger from York Factory.

JAMES WOOD

The Company's ship *Prince Rupert* (III) sailed to Churchill in 1757, under Captain Joseph Spurrell, with James Wood as second mate and William Story, shipwright, as passenger. Upon arrival Wood became master of the *Churchill* sloop and, during the next three years, took her on trading expeditions to the north. His logs for the first and last of these voyages are preserved in the Company's archives. Wood's name on the Sloop Cove rocks is accompanied by the date July the 6: 1758, and on that day the entry in the *Churchill* journal reads: ". . . the Sloop Master, Ship Carpentr. & 4 Sailors at work on both Sloops . . .".

James Wood returned to England in 1760 aboard the *Prince Rupert* (III). In 1762 a James Wood, probably the same man, was appointed second mate of *Seahorse* (I), John Horner, master, and John Groat, member of the crew. Wood was promoted to chief mate on *Seahorse* in 1764. For the next four years he was chief mate in the *Prince Rupert* (III): Robert Lloyd, John Douslen, George Holt and John Irvin were all at one time or another during this time members of the *Prince Rupert's* crew, while Robert Fowler travelled from England to Churchill aboard her in 1766.

In 1769 Wood went to the *Prince Rupert* (IV) as chief mate, a post he filled for only a year. Lloyd and Alexander Menzies were members of Wood's crew that year, and Fowler returned to England as a passenger in the ship. During the remaining eight years of his employment by the Company, Wood sailed as chief mate on *Seahorse* (II). In 1774 and again in '77 Robert Smith was probably a

passenger aboard this vessel, at the beginning and end of his service with the Company. Wood retired in 1778 because of ill-health.

ROBERT LLOYD

Robert Lloyd was a member of the crew of the Company's ship *Prince Rupert* (III) on her voyage to Churchill in 1766. On that voyage James Wood was chief mate and Robert Fowler a passenger. He served as a sailor aboard the *Churchill* sloop in 1767, '68 and '69 at a yearly wage of £15, making northward voyages for trade and for black whale fishing. During Lloyd's first two years aboard the *Churchill*, James Wood was chief mate, John Douslen was a fellow crew-member and Robert Fowler was servant to Magnus Johnston, the master. During 1769 Fowler was still aboard *Churchill*, but Douslen had been replaced by John Irvin and Wood had gone to the *Prince Rupert* (IV) as chief mate. That same autumn Lloyd himself returned to England as a member of the crew of *Prince Rupert* (IV). Wood was probably still chief mate aboard her and Fowler a passenger.

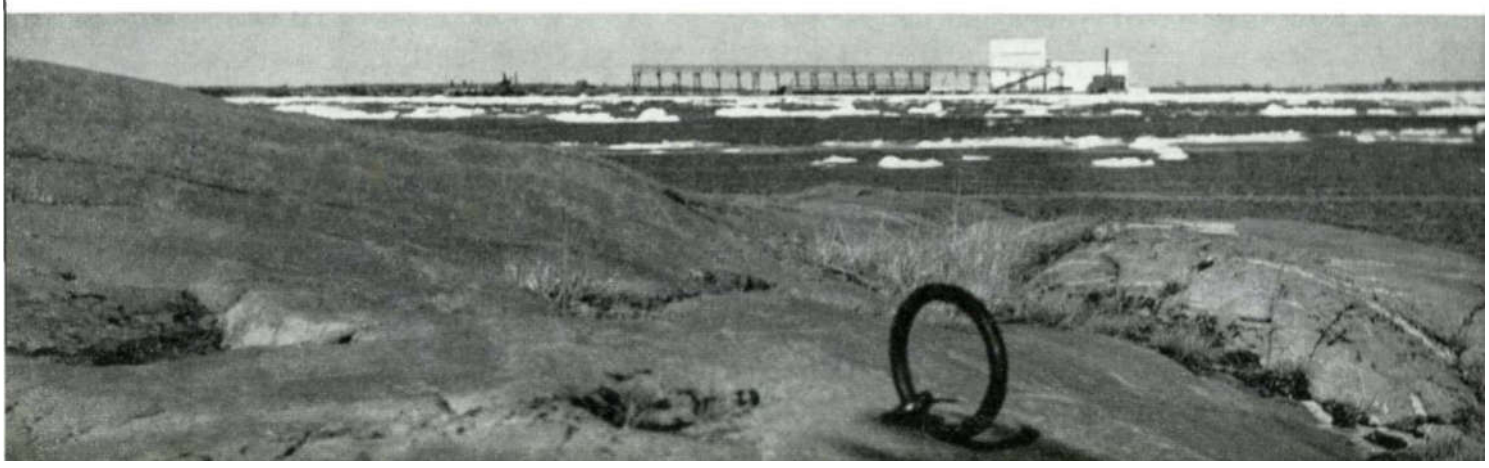
RICHARD JOHNSON

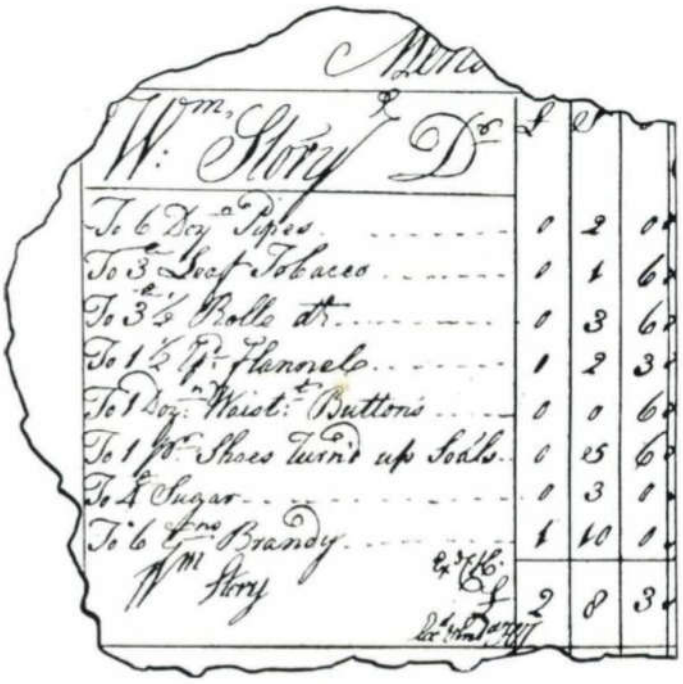
A sailor based at Churchill from 1750 to '56, Johnson arrived there from England, perhaps in the *Hudson's Bay* (V) with John Horner as chief mate. He returned to England on the *Prince Rupert* (III). Johnson was a member of the crew of the *Churchill* sloop on northward trading voyages during each summer from 1751 to '55. During three of those summers James Walker was his commanding officer.

WILLIAM STORY

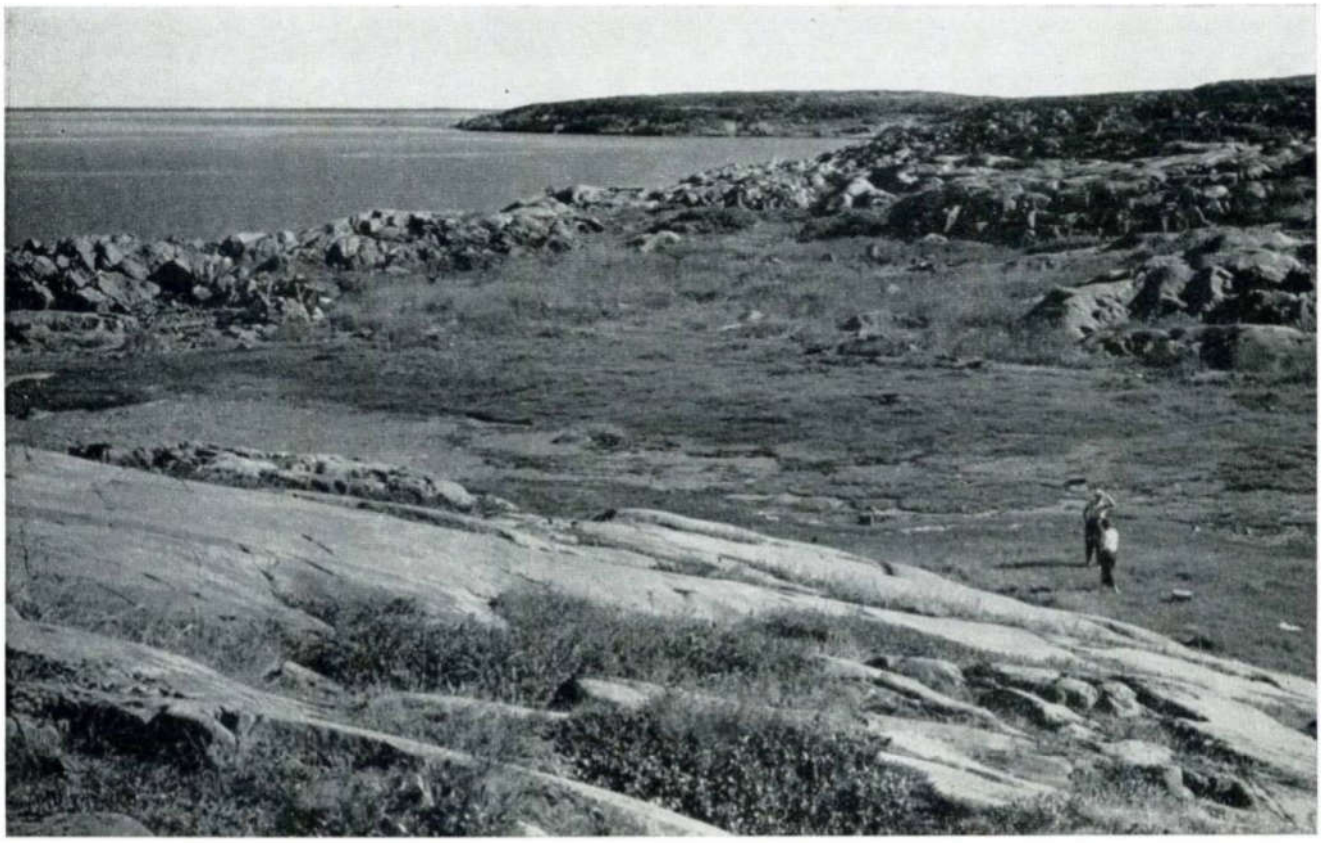
William Story sailed in the Company's ship *Prince Rupert* (III) from England to Churchill in 1757, when James Wood was second mate in that vessel. He returned in *Prince Rupert* (II) in 1760, and this time another of the Sloop Cove mariners, John Horner, was an officer aboard the ship, with Wood as passenger.

The signature of William Story is shown at the foot of his statement in the Churchill Account Book for 1759-60. Tobacco, flannel, sugar, and brandy (which cost them five shillings a gallon) were common entries in the men's accounts.

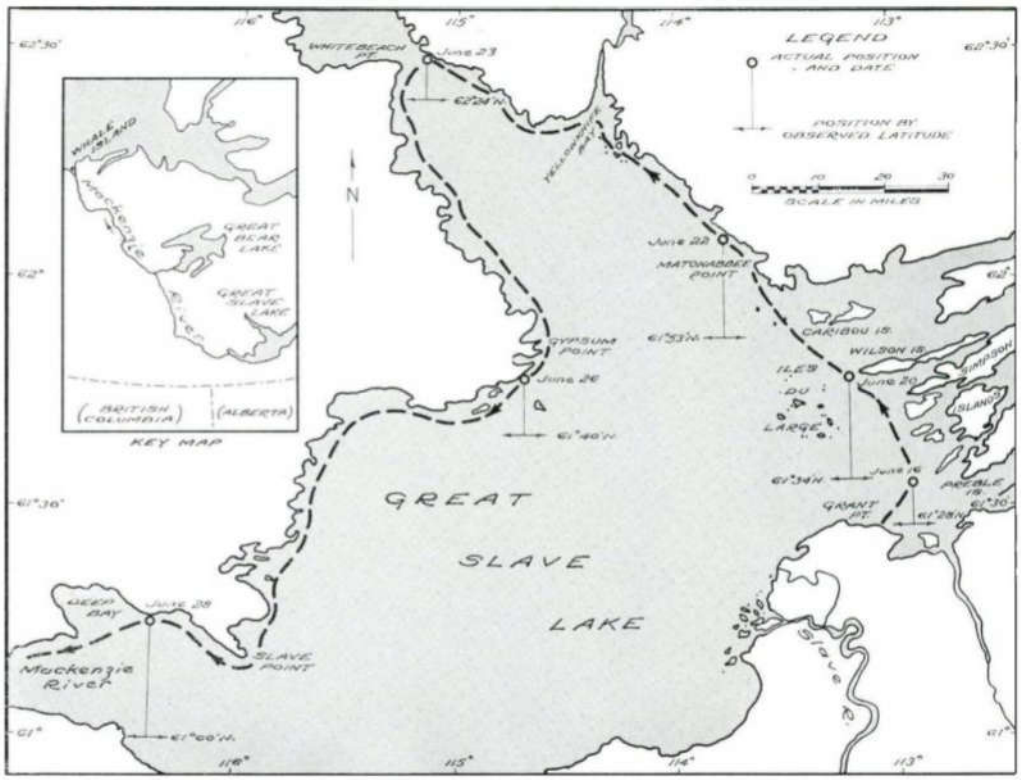




Sloop Cove, across the harbour from Churchill, is shown in the picture below, looking southeast from the name rocks. The cove was protected from spring ice by the natural rock outcrop and a rock breakwater built north of the entrance which ends at a sand-bar, seen in the photograph on page 44. Rising of the land in the past two centuries has brought the cove above water level. Iron rings set into rocks on either side of the cove may have been used for mooring or for hauling in vessels.



The author, who is on the staff of the National Historic Sites Division, Ottawa, expresses his indebtedness to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company for permission to reproduce the basic data used in the compilation of these notes, and his appreciation of the assistance of Miss Alice M. Johnson, Company Archivist. Photographs are from the Dept. of Northern Affairs & National Resources, and Eva Beckett



Tracing the course of the explorer through Great Slave Lake leads to an explanation of the disappearance of Whale Island. The author, who has done much research on this subject, is a teacher in Winnipeg.

Mackenzie, Slave Lake and Whale Island

BY T. BREDIN

ON Wednesday 3 June 1789 "We embarked at nine o'clock in the morning, at Fort Chepewyan . . . in a canoe made of birch bark." Thus at Lake Athabasca begins the familiar story of Alexander Mackenzie's journey to the Arctic. Six days later Mackenzie's small brigade of canoes entered the Great Slave Lake and coasted eastward along the lake's southern shore. Wind-driven ice blocked their way north.

Mackenzie's 1801 narrative of his explorations contains a map of his track from Fort Chipewyan to the North Sea and shows his route through Slave Lake. Guided by Mackenzie's own chart, his record of compass directions and distances travelled, and by descriptions of landmarks in his narrative, it is possible to map-read Mackenzie through Great Slave Lake on a modern, large-scale, air-photo-based map.

On June 9 Mackenzie must have camped in the vicinity of Grant Point. Only from here on the 15th could he make his island to island northern traverse to Matonabbee Point. He followed a track not through the Iles du Large but rather just to the west of Preble, Simpson, Wilson and Caribou Islands. This course coincides with his own map and his own account; his recorded distances, but not all their directions, fit accurately along such a track. Statute miles are used to plot Mackenzie's distances. Mackenzie does not say whether his estimated distances were in statute or nautical miles.

On June 15 Mackenzie left a camp somewhere on Grant Point and travelled eight miles northeast by north "to a small island." If to this compass direction of 35° is added the variation of the compass, "about twenty degrees East," which Mackenzie observed on June 13, and his true direction of travel then plotted from Grant Point, the line falls south of a small island that Mackenzie probably spent the next few days on. It is in latitude 61° 33′ North. But at noon June 16 Mackenzie determined his latitude at 61° 28′ North. Only by travelling due east or west from Grant Point could he be on this latitude line. His latitude error is therefore five minutes or nautical miles south.

After this Mackenzie recorded going northwest by compass ten miles "through islands," and then four miles northwest again where he spent the nights of June 18-19, 19-20 and 20-21. From here Mackenzie's narrative states

that he paddled west six miles "for the large island." Here he observed his latitude and then continued west for another fifteen miles.

"We pitched our tents on one of a cluster of small islands that were within three miles of the mainland." It is obvious that Mackenzie camped just west of the Caribou Islands where there is a group of small islands three miles from the main shore. A twenty-one mile arc swung from his previous campsite runs through this "cluster of small islands." His direction for these twenty-one miles was wrongly reported as west; allowing for variation it should have been west-northwest or north-west by west. Incidentally Mackenzie's estimates of distances travelled are remarkably accurate.

"The large island" where Mackenzie stopped to take his latitude was Wilson Island's western tip, which is fifteen miles distant from "the cluster of small islands." Mackenzie observed a latitude of 61° 34′. But the latitude of the western tip of Wilson Island is 61° 48′. Mackenzie's error is fourteen minutes south. If from his camp west of the Caribou Islands Mackenzie's courses and distances of northwest thirteen miles "edging in for the mainland" and west two miles are plotted, his June 22 noon stopping point falls on latitude 62° 06′. Mackenzie however found a latitude of 61° 53′. His error is thirteen minutes south.

Immediately after observing the meridian crossing Mackenzie continued west by north for eighteen miles before halting for the evening. Next day he travelled west by north a mile and a half and "came to the foot of a traverse across a deep bay, West five miles, which receives a considerable river at the bottom of it; the distance about twelve miles." This is Yellowknife Bay. The last recorded distances and directions, which total nineteen and a half miles west by north, when plotted in reverse from Yellowknife Bay confirm his June 22 noon position and the large latitude error.

Mackenzie's journey into the northern arm of Slave Lake took him to a camp on the eastern shore opposite Whitebeach Point in latitude 61° 30′ or 61° 31′. Although a plot of Mackenzie's distances and directions does not run this far, it is where he must be. For June 25 his story reads: "We steered South by West straight across the bay, which is here no more than two miles and a half broad." Mackenzie had crossed to Whitebeach Point. Before crossing the bay at its narrowest part, Mackenzie calculated a latitude of 62° 24′ North. His error is six or seven minutes south.

Mackenzie took two more latitudes during his trip through Slave Lake. One was taken four and a half miles south-southwest of Gypsum Point which Mackenzie called Detour Point. At this spot Mackenzie's observed latitude on June 26 was 61° 40′. Mackenzie certainly was no farther south than 61° 47′; the latitude of the shore four and a half miles south of Gypsum Point is 61° 49′. Mackenzie's minimum error is seven minutes south.

On June 28 Mackenzie's canoe rounded Slave Point. Then Mackenzie headed west fifteen miles before stopping to observe the altitude of the sun. The latitude of this noon position is actually 61° 16′. Mackenzie noted 61° 00′. The error is sixteen minutes south. From this stop Mackenzie sailed two miles west-northwest "to the foot of a traverse, the opposite land bearing South-West, distance about fourteen miles, when we steered into a deep bay, about a westerly course . . . till we ran to the bottom of the bay." The bay is that now named Deep Bay. The description confirms his June 28 noon position and latitude error.

Mackenzie took only four more latitudes, two of them beyond the Mackenzie River delta on the northerly terminus of his magnificent journey, which he called Whale Island. Aerial photography between 1939 and 1945 when the area of the Mackenzie delta was accurately mapped for the first time failed to show Whale Island. It was not in the latitudes where Mackenzie reported it and where Franklin mapped it "According to Sir Alexander Mackenzie." But Mackenzie's most northerly latitudes show an error similar in kind to those of Slave Lake and judging from his range of error, it must be from five to sixteen minutes of latitude farther north.

Mackenzie described his northern terminus as being "about seven leagues in length, East and West by compass; but not more than half a mile in breadth." Although he never saw it, that is how Franklin drew Whale Island in Mackenzie's reported latitudes, whose accuracy he had no way of checking. Later chart-makers simply copied his map. Now Mackenzie also mapped Whale Island and according to the scale of his map it is about eight miles long and two to three miles broad. The scale drawing of the island is as valid a description of it as the literal one; it is odd that the discrepancy should have gone so long unnoticed. The shape and general position of Mackenzie's Whale Island in relation to other offshore islands of the delta is curiously similar to the shape and relative position of the island that Franklin called Garry.

There are in fact many pieces of evidence in Mackenzie's Narrative, in Franklin's manuscript Journals, and in the reported travels of W. J. S. Pullen, and accompanying maps, which strongly support the proposition that Mackenzie's vanished Whale Island and Franklin's Garry Island, shown on our maps, are one and the same. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

CUTHBERT GRANT OF GRANTOWN

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod and W. L. Morton

McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1963
x, 174 pages Maps. $5.00

Reviewed by W. Regis Bennett

MORE than one hundred years after his death and close to one hundred and fifty years after Semple and his men fell near the grove of the Seven Oaks, the story of Cuthbert Grant is finally told, complete in itself and rooted in the context of its history. The Seven Oaks incident so obscured the later career of Cuthbert Grant that the mention of his name recalled only that savage outburst and consigned Grant to the judgment of history with no better epithet than one of opprobrium.

Nor have the Nor'Westers fared better in the mind of the general reader. That fur-trading Company, penetrating into Red River history before the Traders into Hudson Bay assumed their legal right of proprietorship in the heart of the continent, has had to live down its reputation for jealous rivalry, intrigue, and its relentless harassment of the Selkirk Colony.

The Métis too, lacking a native chronicler of their earlier nationhood, have been remembered mainly for Riel and Batoche and their origins have lingered indistinct in the shadows of the history of the West.

These three longstanding misapprehensions are now calmly exploded by the lucid, closely reasoned and meticulously documented account of the life and career of Cuthbert Grant by Margaret Arnett MacLeod and W. L. Morton. It has taken the combined skill, scholarship and literary gifts of these two of Canada's most respected historians to study and present afresh the events and the personalities which shaped the history of the Red River Settlement, fixing the focus for their analyses of the fur trade empires and the Métis nation on the life and career of Cuthbert Grant.

The authors do not attempt to dismiss Grant's part in the incident at Seven Oaks as a serious indiscretion of an impetuous youth. They argue convincingly and well, however, that this was but the most outstanding collision of the two rival fur companies in the area, the result of a chain of events and mistaken intentions which, without expectation or premeditation, forced Grant and Semple to their bloody showdown. The authors ably demonstrate in the course of their biography that, by his subsequent career as chief of the Métis hunters of the plains, keeping them "reconciled to the government and monopoly of the fur trade by the Hudson's Bay Company," as protector of the Red River colony while it struggled to take root, and as founder and patriarch of the first largely successful Métis agricultural settlement, Cuthbert Grant rightly deserved the vindication he won in his lifetime and which should now be his due when carefully sifted facts are justly considered.

Through Cuthbert Grant the fur trader, the position of the North West Company is put into a more reasonable perspective. The Nor'Westers claimed that "the Red River country was French-Canadian by right of French exploration and occupation. It had passed with Canada to the British crown by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Almost at once it had been reoccupied by their predecessors—twenty-five years before a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company had set foot in the Red River country." It was this conviction, held by Grant and his employers, which helps to explain the basic problem confronting the two rival fur companies at the Forks.

Through Cuthbert Grant the Métis, Professor Morton and Mrs MacLeod outline and explain the rise of his people from their first awareness of being a collective group holding the balance of power in the fur trade rivalries to the point when, as a nation, they have to be reckoned with separately in forming a judgment on the history of the Red River Settlement.

When the authors' logically reasoned and detached arguments have been considered, Cuthbert Grant emerges with an honourable dignity, the Nor'Westers can claim a more tolerant understanding of their position in the great trade conflicts of Red River, the Métis acquire the stature of nationhood, and the muddled complexity of events from 1813 to the middle of the century gain new clarity.

But the book is more than just an *apologia* for Cuthbert Grant and his Métis followers. It is a compendium of facts, figures, and anecdotes relating to daily life in the colonies of Red River and Grantown, and while some passages appear unduly prolonged (the legend of the White Horse Plain) and others rather self-consciously woven into the fabric of the text (the songs of Pierre Falcon), there are few pages in Western Canadiana to match in excitement the recreated battles of Seven Oaks and the Grand Coteau.

Mr Bennett is assistant archivist for the province of Manitoba.

THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE 1534-1859

A catalogue of an exhibition of books and manuscripts in the Toronto Public Library

compiled by Edith G. Firth

Toronto Public Library, College St, and Baxter Publishing Co., 228 Bloor St West, Toronto. 1963. 32 pages, illus. $1.35

A CATALOGUE used to be a list of numbers and names, a source of identification and little more. Now catalogues, particularly those pertaining to exhibitions of art or books, have become important works in their own right. They often contain well written articles and lavish illustrations.

This publication of the Toronto Public Library deserves a place in any library of northern Canadiana. It lists ninety books and documents, with descriptive notes about each. Many delightful illustrations from the old books are reproduced. It was not widely known that the library had a useful collection of reference works on the search for the Northwest Passage. The exhibition, which took place earlier this year, was designed to draw attention to this collection and show rare books that are not seen by many people; the catalogue will be informative to a larger circle. *M.B.*

OREGON ARGONAUTS

Merchant Adventurers of the Western Frontier

by Arthur L. Throckmorton

Oregon Historical Society, Portland 1, Oregon. 1961. 372 pages, illus., index, bibliography. $10

Reviewed by Donald Sage

THE late Professor Throckmorton has performed a useful service in accumulating this panorama of the Pacific Northwest. He has deliberately chosen a large canvas on which to paint his picture of the part played by the frontier merchant in the development of the region from 1839 to 1869 although he is primarily interested in the economic development of Old Oregon with lesser reference to the fringe areas. It is refreshing for the western Canadian reader to view from the south, through the scholarly eyes of this historian, the development of what became British Columbia.

The first part of the book deals with the history of the Willamette community, and here the role of the Hudson's Bay Company in Northwest America comes under careful scrutiny, with judicious interpretation. The traditional view of regarding the acquisition of Oregon as a part of American Manifest Destiny is disappearing; Professor Throckmorton has chosen a *via media* amidst the welter of former views in discussing the position of the Company in the Columbia Department. By the early 1840s the Company saw its days in Oregon were drawing to a close and—remarkably—it was Dr John McLoughlin's assistance to the immigrants from the west that helped the Americans take over parts of the Oregon Territory. The Willamette Valley was rich agricultural land and appeared most promising to the pioneers. Preceding the large migrations of colonists, the Methodists came to Oregon with the avowed intention of establishing Protestantism and the democratic ideals and institutions of the United States. Although they did not accomplish all their desires their influence was great in Old Oregon. The Oregon territorial bill establishing United States authority in 1849 and the California gold rush gave Oregon better communications, a money supply, and markets for lumber and agricultural products.

The author stresses the development of business in Oregon towns and after 1849 the focus is Portland, as the entrepot for the expanding interior business. Throughout runs the thread of gold and the influence on Oregon's economy of the discoveries and rushes in the west.

After the settlement of the boundary, the fortunes of Oregon Territory and British America were again linked when the gold rush to the Fraser River in 1858, and then to the mines farther north, caused an exodus from the south. This led to the predominantly American population of the newly formed colony of British Columbia and an economic threat to Oregon through loss of man power, compensated by the prosperous provision business. While the majority of prospectors and miners travelled north by sea, thousands went overland via the Columbia River, a route promoted by the Oregon merchants.

This is a worth-while book and contains much material of interest to the student of the Northwest Coast. Some unusual early photographs are included. Perhaps other sources of information could have been examined to give additional information on the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr Throckmorton had, in fact, been doing research in the Company archives shortly before his untimely death this year.

A high school teacher of social studies in Vancouver, Donald Sage has a particular interest in history of the northwest

ROADSIDE FLOWERS OF ALASKA

by Louise Potter

Published privately, order from author at Thetford Center, Vermont (in winter); Wasilla, Alaska (in summer).

1963. 608 pages, 250 illustrations by Eva Melady. U.S. $6.50.

Reviewed by Askell Love

AMATEUR botanists travelling along the roads of Alaska and the Yukon often want to know the names of the common plants they see, but they hesitate to buy and bring with them the scientific manuals available for the determination of these plants. Keys used by specialists frighten the common man, and descriptions without pictures are often pointless for those unfamiliar with botanical terminology.

There are many methods, more or less effective, to learn the names of plants, and also several methods to help the interested amateur find the name of the plant he observes. But, unfortunately, the small and handy popular manuals are all made for plants of more southerly regions, and the traveller to the northlands has either been forced to bring the large scientific floras, or to enjoy the beautiful flowers without being able to name them—and a plant without a name gives only half the satisfaction.

It is therefore a pleasure to be able to welcome this handy and quite helpful book, which is intended for the interested amateur looking at the flowers along the roadsides of Alaska. The illustrations of the 250 species described by Miss Potter have been expertly drawn by Miss Eva Melady.

Instead of forcing the reader to go through detailed keys to find the names of the plants observed, the author helps him to find them by aid of a simple but effective colour key in the front of the book, as well as by aid of field lists informing him about roadsides along which the different species have been observed by the author. This also gives the date when the various species have been seen in flower. It is likely, however, that the interested traveller will prefer first to look at the pictures and by leafing through the book find what he wants. If he has some elementary knowledge of plants, he will, however, quickly find the information he needs by aid of the index of common and botanical names at the end of the manual.

Every one of the 250 species is illustrated on the left-hand page by a distinctive black-and-white drawing, and on the opposite right-hand page are its names in Latin and English, exact descriptions of the characters of its flowers, stems and leaves, and a list of dates and roads along which they have been seen. Though very short, the descriptions are so concise and exact that professional botanists have reason to envy the author for her clarity. Also the pictures are descriptive and clear, making correct identification an easy task.

It is evident from every page of this manual that it is a labour of love both for

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Alaska in general and for its plants in particular. I know of no other book which is more likely to be of help to the botanically inclined traveller. Everybody planning to go north on the Alaskan roads ought to include it in the luggage. It will be equally useful to those travelling Yukon roads, since the plants in the Territory are much the same as those in Alaska.

Professor Love, formerly in the department of botany in the University of Manitoba is now working in experimental taxonomy at the Institut Botanique of the University of Montreal.

P.G.E.—RAILWAY TO THE NORTH

by Bruce Ramsey

Mitchell Press, Box 6000, Vancouver, 1953. 265 pages, illus. $7.50.

Reviewed by Corday M. Atkinson

BRITISH Columbia's most controversial railway, the Pacific Great Eastern, is still good for a front-page story. Winding from tidewater in North Vancouver to the near-Arctic regions of the province, this almost legendary line calls up memories and brings reactions from innumerable people. For things still happen to this long-awaited, long delayed, snaking line of communication. Rock bluffs still collapse on some of the more treacherous stretches; washouts play havoc with its many high bridges, giving Vancouver cartoonists ample opportunity to practice their diabolical arts at the expense of hapless engineers and passengers.

Bruce Ramsey, newspaper man and local historian, has resurrected from the files masses of reports, many of them dull, but others very stirring and certainly scandalous, of the many speculators, railway contractors and government departments who won or lost reputations sponsoring or promoting this vital link with B.C.'s northland.

When in February 1912, Premier McBride read Bill 23 in the Provincial Legislature, it seemed that the future of the projected railway was at last to be secure. Mingled with the expressions of jubilation, however, there should have been strong feelings of apprehension. For better, for worse, from that day the promised railway would be tied to the coat-tails of politicians. Bill 23 had confidently anticipated the completion of the line to Prince George by 1915. Actually it was not to attain this objective for more than forty years. It was described in 1927 by the then premier of British Columbia as "the illegitimate offspring of two unnatural parents . . . it was conceived in the sin of political necessity, it was begotten in the iniquity of a half-million dollar fund." For years after its modest beginnings, the little line was the favourite butt of every political platform, the subject of endless after-dinner witticisms and a by-word for graft in many households.

After countless names had been suggested in its infancy, the tortuous line was finally named after the Great Eastern in Britain. But it was soon given other more opprobrious titles, becoming as its fortunes rose or sank—but mostly sank—"Provincial Government Expense," "Please Go Easy" and "Prince George Eventually."

But all things reach their end in time—even railways—and at long last in 1952 the first P.G.E. train rolled into Prince George. Six years later the line went through Dawson Creek and on to Fort St. John. From this Peace River district and the interior its freights bring produce to the port of Vancouver.

Scenically beautiful, passing through dramatic canyons, awe-inspiring alpine areas and peaceful valleys, the line soon earned a reputation among tourists the world over.

In view of its early turbulent history as a projected trail to the interior gold fields and the aura of myth which soon came to surround it as "the railway which went from nowhere to nowhere" it is not surprising that Mr Ramsey has produced a book which on the whole makes good reading for all who are interested in local history or railways, and he is to be congratulated on having rescued from the files this record of one of Canada's most colourful lines.

Mrs Atkinson is a freelance writer with a special interest in west coast history.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ATHABASCA OIL SANDS

by S. C. Ells

Department of Mines & Technical Surveys Information Circular IC-139. Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1962. 114 pages. 50 cents.

THE bituminous sands of northern Alberta are still awaiting commercial development. The time when this natural resource is put to the service of man is undoubtedly approaching, the culmination of the persistence and work of S. C. Ells. An engineer with experience in the Nova Scotia coal mines and with two railways, Mr Ells joined the Mines Branch of the Department of Mines in 1912. Almost at once he became fascinated by the possibilities of the bituminous sands, about which comparatively little was then known, and in 1913 he was authorized to make an investigation in the McMurray area. From then until his retirement in 1945 he was in charge of all field work undertaken by the federal government in that area, and his interest continued.

In this book Mr Ells summarizes the work that he has found so absorbing. It covered not only the exploration, mapping and evaluation of the bituminous sands, but their use in paving (the first experimental pavement laid in Edmonton in 1915 was still in good condition in 1950), methods of separating the bitumen, and its potential uses. Increased demand for petroleum products led to experimental work by private companies, as well as government agencies, in most of which the advice of Mr Ells was a factor.

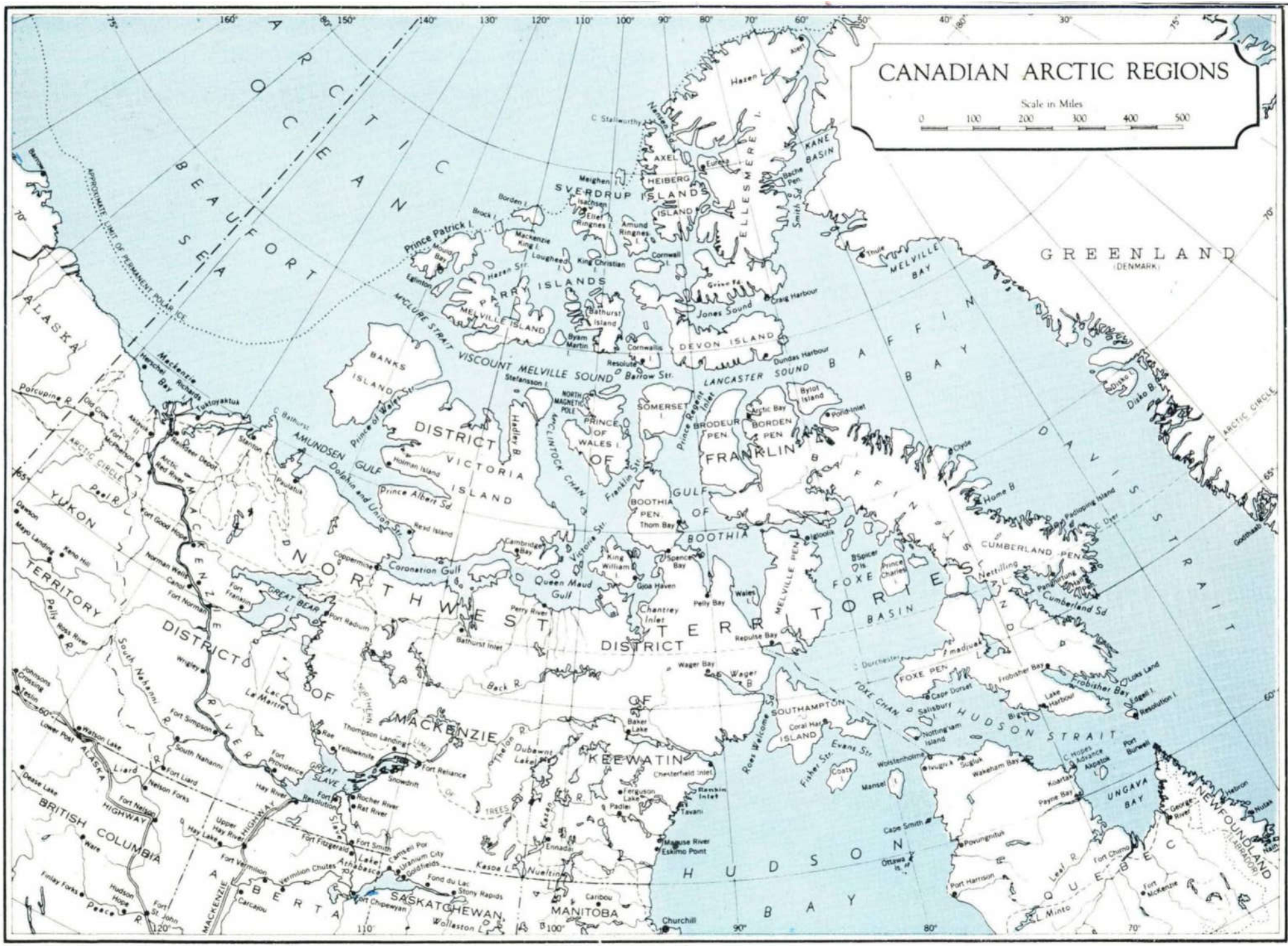
During the first years Mr Ells was in the Athabasca River area travel was by dogteam or on foot, by scow or canoe, from which came his interest in the voyageurs of fur trade days and his books of verse and drawings. A little of this creeps colourfully into the present book, but it is essentially a serious, brief account of the bituminous sands and their attempted exploitation; the technical details are in Mr Ells's departmental reports. A useful narrative record of an unfinished story, with a few sidelights on the human problems involved.

FORT SMITH, LABRADOR

In the Spring issue of *The Beaver* reference was made to the earlier name of North West River in Labrador which, when the H B C post was established, was called Fort Smith. Recent research in the Company archives has revealed that the post was named after William Smith who was secretary to the Company in London from 1818 to 1843. When the post was finished and the flag hoisted for the first time on 15 December 1836, Chief Trader Simon McGillivray Jr wrote in his journal: ". . . As every Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company have already names to Forts in Rupert's Land, as well as the West Side of the Rocky Mountains—I have taken upon myself to call this Fort after our Secretary (William Smith Esquire) Fort Smith. Fired a Salute, and gave the men a dram."

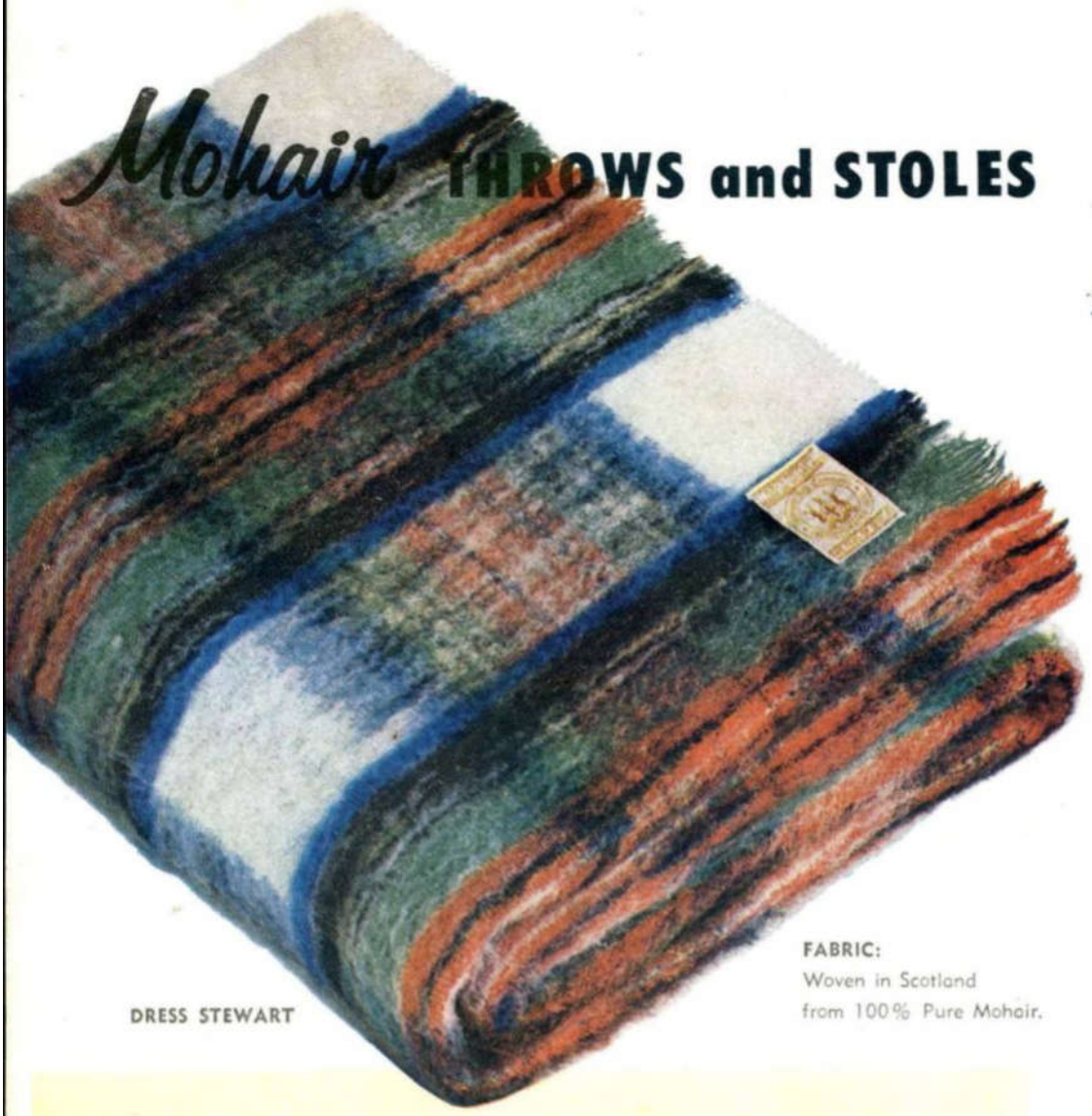
Erratum

The view of Peace River canyon on page 26 of the Spring 1963 *Beaver* is looking upstream, not downstream as was stated. The western end of the canyon is seen at the upper left.



Surveys and Mapping Branch 1958, (Grise Fiord and Rankin Inlet added)

Mohair THROWS and STOLES



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